THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 13, 1904

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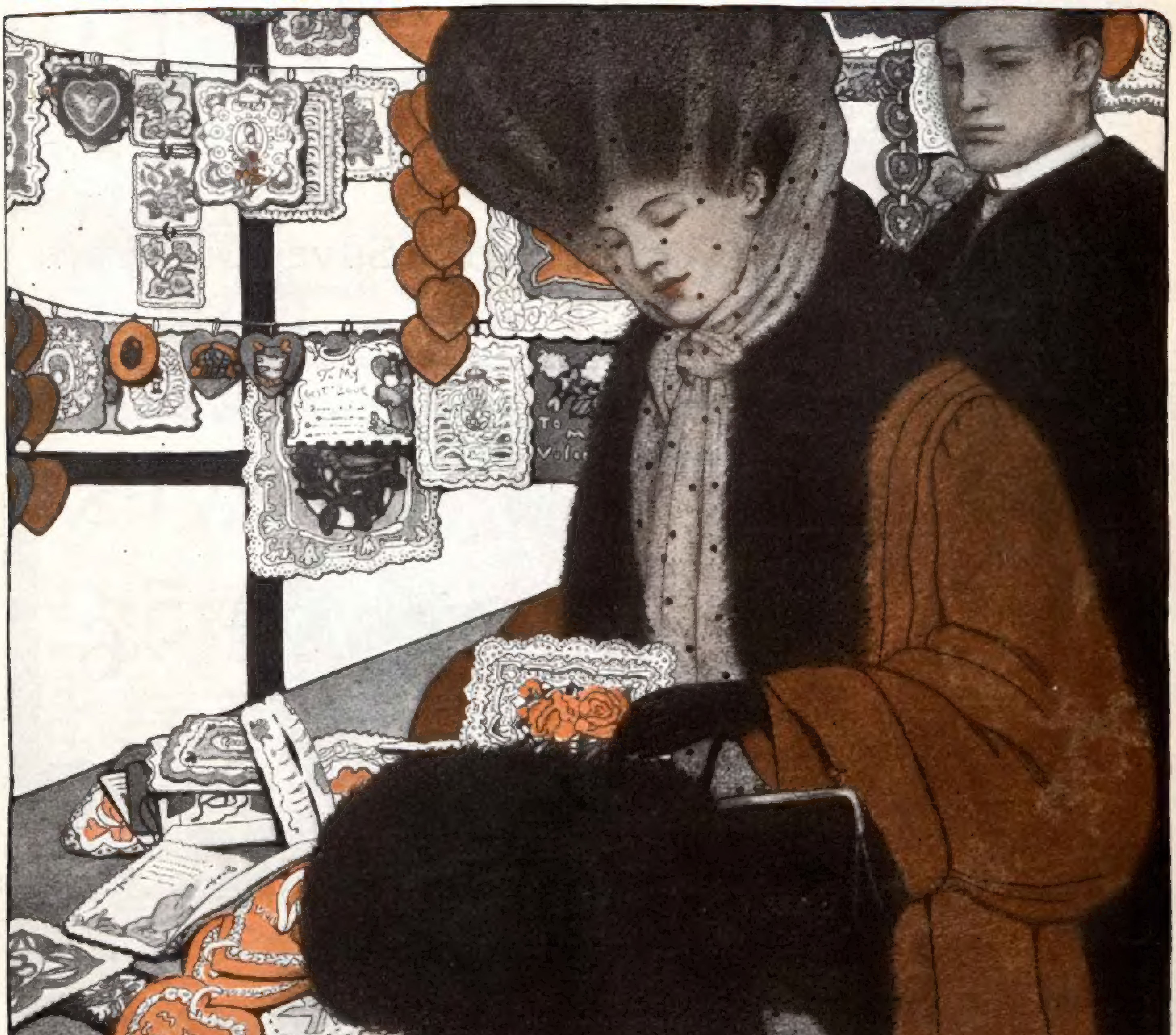
To My Best Love
To my Valentine
Ethel Franklin Betts.

DRAWN BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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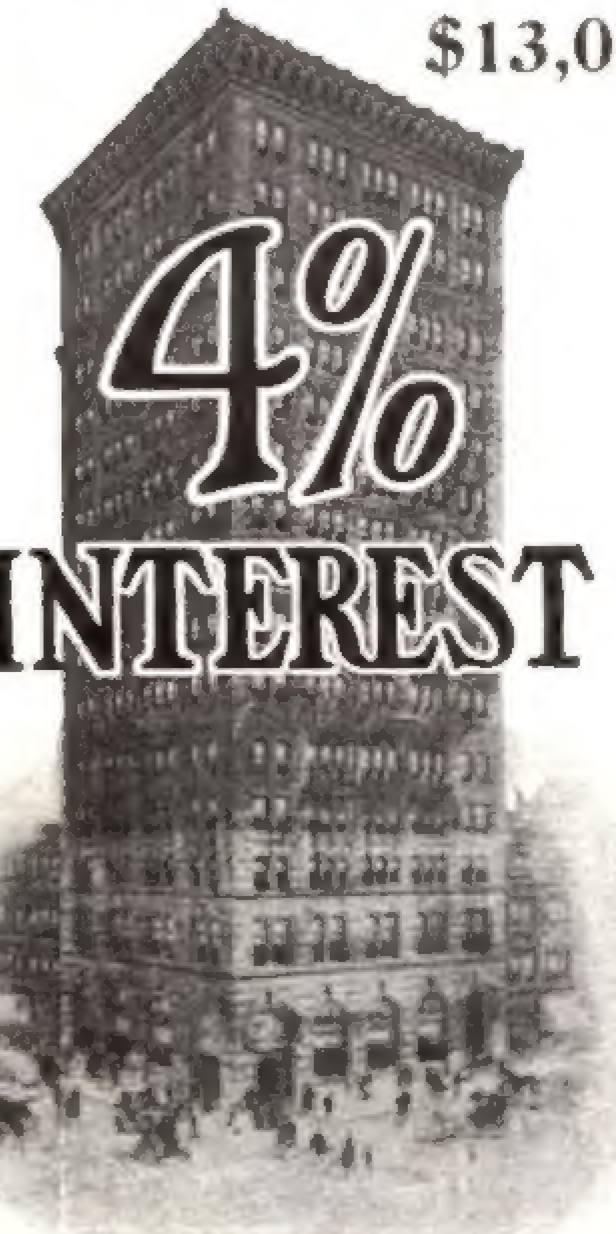

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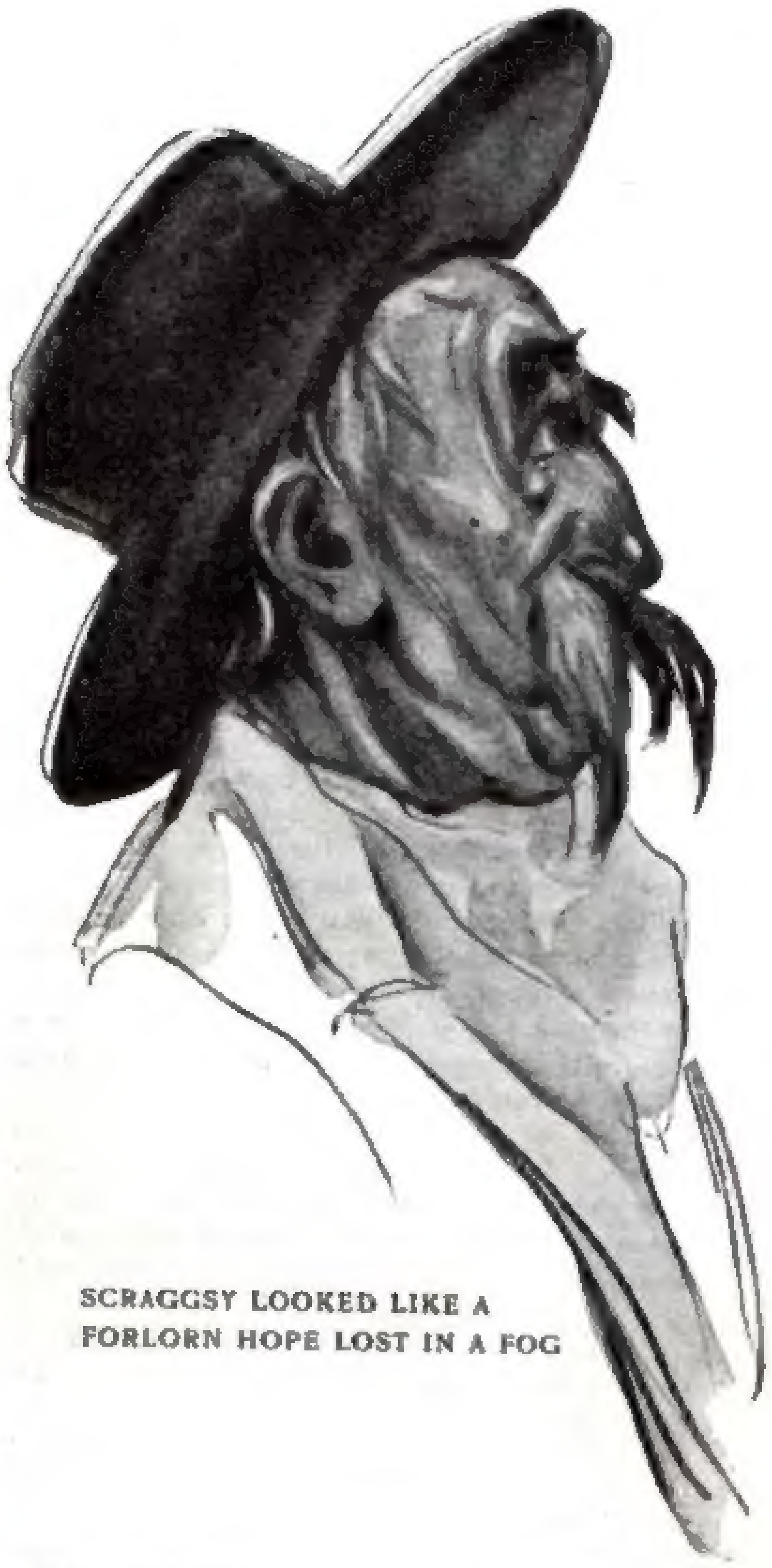
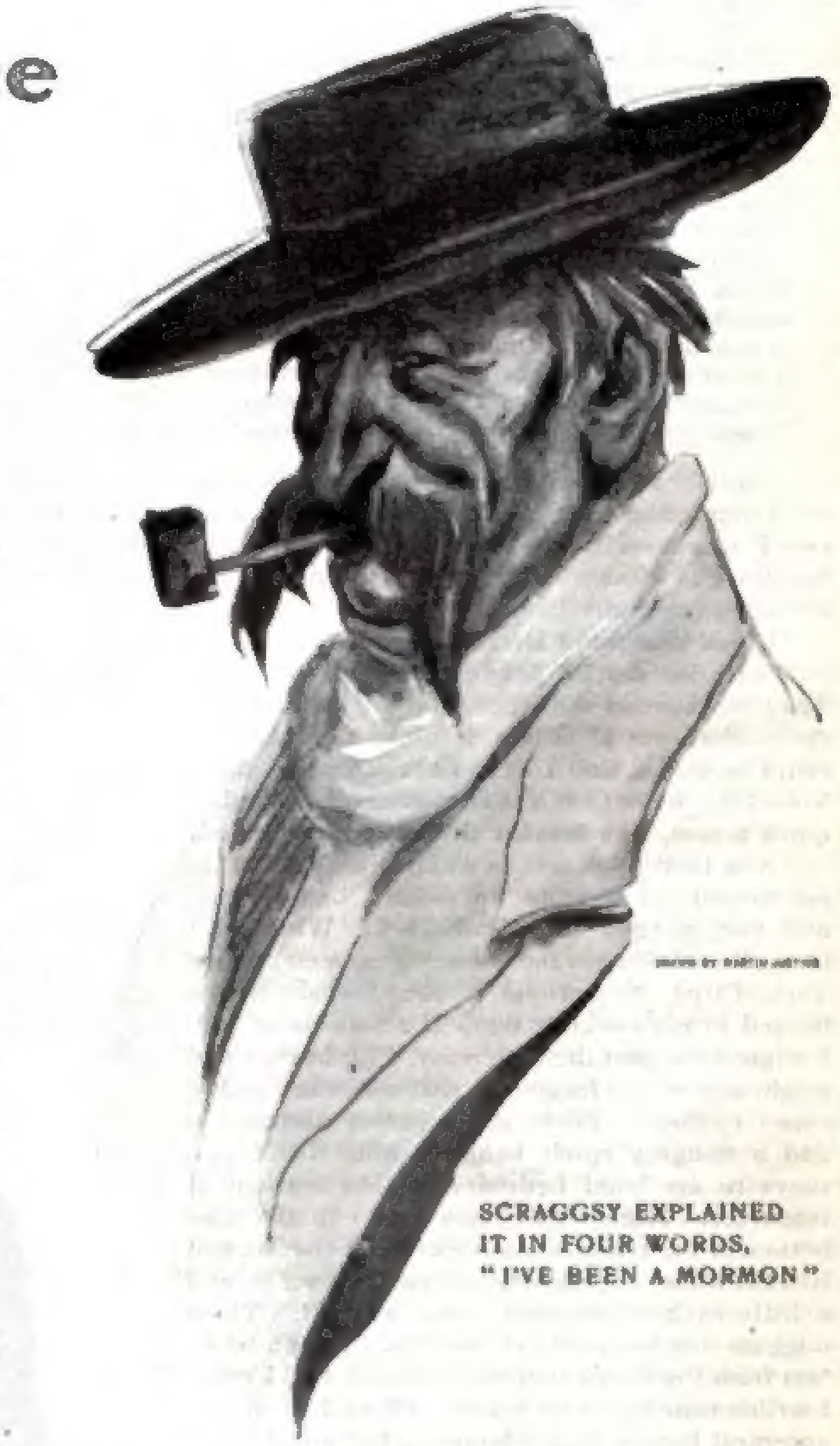
IN THE TOILS

The Fate of a Mormon Missionary to the Temple of the Twin Gods, Mammon and Gammon

By Henry Wallace Phillips



SCRAGGSY LOOKED LIKE A FORLORN HOPE LOST IN A FOG



SCRAGGSY EXPLAINED IT IN FOUR WORDS, "I'VE BEEN A MORMON"

MR. EZEKIEL GEORGE WASHINGTON SCRAGGS, late of Missouri, later of Utah and latest of North Dakota, stood an even six-foot, unshod. He had an air of leanness, almost emaciation, not borne out by any fact of anatomy. We make our hasty estimates from the face. Brother Scraggs' face was gaunt. Misfortune had written there, in a large, angular hand, "It might have been"—those saddest words of tongue or pen. The pensive sorrow of E. G. W.'s countenance had misled many people—not but what the sorrow was genuine enough (Scraggsy explained it in four words, "I've been a Mormon"), but the expression of a blighted, helpless youth carried into early middle age was an appearance only: I mean it was nothing to bank on in dealing with Zeke. Still, if you could see those eyes, dimmed with a settled melancholy; those mustachios, which, absorbing all the capillary possibilities of his head, drooped like weeping willows from his upper lip; and above, the monumental nose—that springing prow that once so grandly parted the waves of adverse circumstance, until, blown by the winds of ambition, his bark was cast ruined on the shores of matrimony—you would not so much blame the man who mistook E. G. Washington Scraggs for a something not too difficult. Red Saunders said that Scraggsy looked like a forlorn hope lost in a fog, but when you came to cash in on that basis it was most astonishing. In general a man of few words, on occasions he would tip back his chair, insert the stem of his corncob pipe in an opening provided by nature at the cost of a tooth, and tell us about it. "Why can't people be honest?" said Mr. Scraggs. Silence.

"Charley!" cried Red reproachfully, "why don't you tell the gentleman?"

"No, no, no!" replied Charley. "You be older'n me, Red—you explain."

"Well," said Red, "I suppose the loss of their hair kind of discourages 'em."

"I had rather," meditated Mr. Scraggs, "I had much rather wear the top of my head a smooth white record of a well-spent life than go amblin' around the country like the Chicago fire out for a walk, and I repeat Why can't people be honest?"

"I begin to pity somebody an awful lot," said Red. "Did you send him home barefoot?"

"You go on!" retorted Mr. Scraggs. "I fell into the hands of the Filly-steins oncet, and they put the trail of the serpent all over me. I run into the temple of them twin false gods, Mammon and Gammon, and I stood to draw one suit of sackcloth and a four-mule wagonload of ashes."

"Is them the close you got on now?" said Charley. "And what did you get for the ashes?"

"The play come up like this," said Scraggs. "After my eighteenth bestowin' of the honored name of Scraggs upon a person that didn't appreciate it the Mormon Church see fit to assume a few duties on me. I was put in a position of importance in a placer minin' districk inhabited by jack-rabbits, coyotes, Chinamen and Mrs. Scraggses. And still I wasn't happy. Them jack-rabbits et up my little garding patch; the coyotes gathered at nights and sung me selections from the ghost dance; the Chinamen sprung every con-cussed trick on me that a man who wears his whiskers down his back can think of; and day and night alike, Mrs. Scraggs, from one to eighteen, informed me what I'd ort to do.

"I tried to strike up a little friendly conversation with the Chinks, for variety, but it weren't no use. A Chinaman'll be a Mormon, or a Democrat, or a cannibal, or any other durn thing for five cents, sixty days from date. He ain't got any more natural convictions than a Missouri River catfish. They'd just keep a-watchin' my face so's they could agree with me. Now, I didn't want that. I wanted to get up an argument with somebody I could sass back, because in my own house, where I was lord and master, if I happened to remark it was a nice, bright day everybody swore you couldn't see your hand before your face, and I let the subject drop right there. Mrs. Scraggs quar'led some among herself, but when I come in her motto was, 'United we stand him on his head, and divided we fall upon his neck.' When she done the last, of a still day, you could hear the crack of my cervycal vertybree three mile.

"So, at last, I wearied. I writ a letter to the Elders tellin' 'em I enjoyed the work, but thought it was time for my spirit of self-sacrifice to exercise himself a little. So would they mind givin' me another job? Somethin' like lyin' on a board and havin' a doctor rip-saw chunks out of me for the benefit of Science, and let him lose the pieces, for all I cared.

"The Mormon Church, she come to my relief by sendin' me, out on a proselytin' expedition to York State. But I wasn't built proper to lead errin' sheep into the fold. Most of the sheep they hollered 'Baa!' when they see me, and gathered distance with both feet. If I did get a chance to talk to a man he always asked me awkward questions. Like one old farmer, whilest I was explainin' the advantages of havin' as many helpmeets and cheerful companions and domestic joys as possible, busts into me by takin' holt of my coat and askin' so confidential I couldn't lie to him, 'How do you find it yourself?'

"'The Lord be good to fools!' says I. 'You got *one* now, ain't you?'

"''M ya-a-as,' says he, without anything you could figger as wild enthusiasm in his voice; 'I hev.'

"'Well,' says I, 'multiply one by eighteen, and let's have a drink.'

"I had to send word to the Elders that Books of Mormon weren't looked upon as popular readin' in the outlyin' districts, so should I come home, or try New York City? They sends me word back, wishin' my work to prosper, to try New York City, but not to draw on 'em for any more funds until I had a saved sinner or two to show for it. Well, sir, this last clause jolted me. I had spent money free among them farmers, to boom trade, and for the purchasin' of fancy clothes, more to look at than be comfortable in, the idee bein' to show how good a thing the Church of Mormon was to the first glance of the eye. And now, after side-trackin' my railroad fare home, I weren't wadin' in wealth, by no means. More'n that, I understood that the city of New York was a much more expensive place than St. Looey. So I writ a letter back, tellin' 'em I was scatterin' seed so's you could hardly see across the street. There weren't no hope for a crop unless I had more plain sowin' material—please remit.

"And then they come back at me, sayin' I'd already cost the community about four hundred and fifty dollars, and not even a Dutchman by way of results. That I'd understand this weren't said in no mercenary spirit, but just as a matter of business. They would hold a prayer meetin', they said,

which, no doubt, would bring the end aimed at, and for me to go forth strong in the faith and gather 'em up from the wayside.

"I let fly oncet more, sayin' that I *was* strong in the faith but feeble in the pocket; that sinners were costly luxuries in a big town like New York. How was I goin' to play the *Prophet* and stand the man off for my board?

"Elder Stimmins wrote back pussonally, exhortin' me to be of good heart, sayin' further that the days of miracles weren't past; at any moment the unrepentant might get it in the conscience—and signed himself my friend and brother in the church, with a P. S. readin':

> "*Dear Zeke:* My wife Susan Ann will continner to have bysterics till I produce a grand pianny. Mary's after a dimint neclas, and my beluvid spous Eliza (that's the carut-heded one lives down by the rivver) will put sumthin' in my food if she don't git a gol watch and chane. Tomlinson's fust three ar rasin' Ned fur new housis, hors and kerige, and the like. The new ones is more amable, but yellin' fur close and truck. Uncle Peter Haskins' latest is on the warpath fur a seleskin sak, and so on and so forth. You know how it is yourself, dear frend and bro., and we ar broke, so I incurrige you to keep your hart stont, your faith intack, and hunt up a poker-game sumwheres, becus we honest ain't got the money. SAUL STIMMINS.

"'Well!' says the man, as he heaved the egg into the coffee, 'that settles it!' And that settled me. I sure did know how it was myself. If there was any man in or out of the Territory of Utah that knew how it was myself, I and him was the same indivijool.

"I took thought of Mrs. Scraggs out there all alone by *herself*, with her darlin' Zeke entirely out of reach, and while I don't recommend the idee of jollyin' yourself by gloatin' over the misfortunes of others, I thinks this here state of affairs could be worse, and I went forth strong in the faith to New York City, feelin' I might encounter some kind of quick action, like Brother Stimmins prophesied.

"And there, you see, is where sinful feelin' in me turned me over to the enemy, bound hand and foot, gagged and blindfolded. Who was I to exalt myself agin the smart young men of New York City? How come it the foolish notion buzzed in my cockloft that, like Samson of old, I might fall upon the adversary, hip, hurrah and thigh, and of the fragments that remained gather seven bushels? Pride goeth before destruction and a naughty spirit before a fall. Up I sasshays to my hotel bedroom to take account of resources. Mighty slim they was. In the false bottom of the trunk was a pocketbook that looked like the wheel of progress had passed over it, and a little sack of nuggets—that was all. Them nuggets was the pride of my life. I didn't buy 'em from the Chinaman that offered, but I come horrible near it. And yet that Chink had the innocentest face in Utah; he might ha' stood for a picture of Adam before Eve cast a shadder on his manly brow. I don't recall anything that's more deceivin' than appearances, yet what in the world's a man to go by? Well, them nuggets ort to said to me, 'Young man, beware! Be warier than John H. Devilkins himself! All that's heavy and yaller is not gold. Sometimes a patient Chinaman, flappin' of the flies with his pigtail, will industrusly manufacture that same per schedule out of common, ordinary lead, and, by exercisin' the art of gildin', almost whip-saw people by the name of Scraggs, if so it hadn't 'a' been their gardeen angel moved 'em to try a sample with the edge of a knife.'

"Was I warned? Well, I dunno; anyhow, I trotted myself out to the street to see what this here Metropolus business had to offer different from just plain St. Looey.

"And I found out. Dear friends and brothers, I wonder have you ever seen a man reachin', reachin' for a playin'-card layin' prostrate on the table before him, when his last chip is in the pile, his last cent in the chip, all manners and kinds of bills comin' due to-morrow, the house to close in fifteen minutes, and hopin' that card is just one more little two-spot? Are you familiar with the lines of anggwish on his face? Well, of all the hullabaloo, skippin', flyin', pushin', haulin', rompin', tearin', maulin' and scratchin' messes I ever got into, that street was the worst. At the end of fifteen minutes I had no life in me above my feet, and they was simply slidin', the one before the other, without any aim or purpose. I stood on a corner clawin' hunks of fog off my intellect. In two minutes more I'd ha' yearned for Mrs. Scraggs and Home. I lost all intention of drawin' sustenance out of the inhabitants, when all of a suddent up steps one of these brisk, smart, zippee-zippee-zizoo-ketch-me-if-you-kin young city fellers, the kind of lu-lu joker to go through a countryman like a lightnin' express through a tunnel, leavin' nothin' but the hole and a little smoke, and says he, in a hurry:

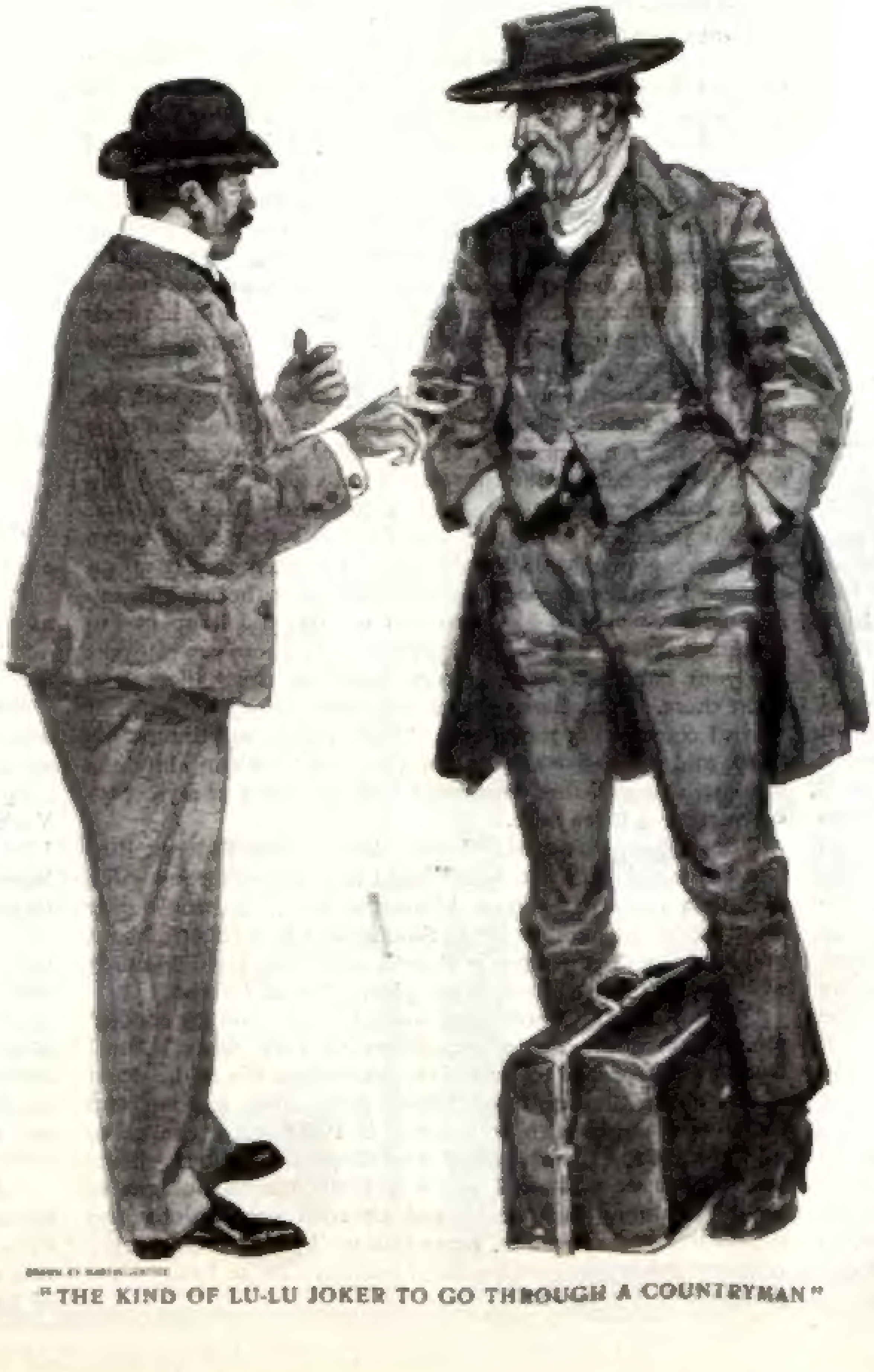
"'Sorry to have kept you waitin', Mr. Johnson, but knowin' how much it meant to both of us, I—— Oh, I beg your pardon!' says he; 'I mistook you for a friend of mine—no offense, I hope?'

"Now, this same person had on a soup-pot hat that looked borrowed, and he wore his clothes like he used 'em for a hiding-place, but how was a plain jaybird like me to notice that? I was almighty lonesome, too, so I told him there weren't no offense at all. Well, he apologized again, and then he begun to laugh, it was so ridiklus, his mistakin' me for Johnson, that he'd knew all his life, and he says, 'I'll tell you what I'll do; we'll step across the street and tone up our systems at my expense, thereby wipin' out any animosity.' So, of course, rather than be peevish, I done it. Then *I* tried to wipe out some animosity, but he wouldn't have it. Nobody must buy but him. I explained—givin' myself dead away—that I was a stranger, with nothin' to do but hate myself to death, and he was defraudin' me of a rightful joy. But no, says he. I might be a stranger, or I might not. Personally he thought I'd resided some time in New York City, by my looks; if that was so I knew perfectly well he was only follerin' the customs of the place, and if I *was* a stranger it was up to him to do right by me, anyhow. So we grew one degree stronger with no cost to Utah. And we stayed there, gettin' powerful as anything, and kind of confidential, too, till finally he felt called upon to explain his business with this man Johnson. He took me into a back room to do it.

"'Mr. Scraggs,' says he, 'there's things betwixt Heaven and Earth that ain't dreamt of on your velocipede, Horatio.'

"'Ya-a-as,' says I.

"'Sh-h-h,' says he, 'not so loud. Here's the opportunity of a lifetime goin' on the loose for want of a man. That durn Johnson has lost his golden show. It's a very strange story,' says he.



"THE KIND OF LU-LU JOKER TO GO THROUGH A COUNTRYMAN"

"'Ya-a-as,' says I. He looked at me a minute, but Lord! How was a poor Mormon to hold suspicions? So he goes on.

"'At first,' he says, 'you might git the idee there was somethin' jubeeous in these preceedin's, but there ain't. I knew a man that once upon a time was the honestest man ever lived. Honest? Why, I've known that man to go to bed weepin', he felt so bad to learn George Washington stole a march on the enemy. "I never would have believed it of George if it hadn't been in the book," he says. That's the kind of a man he was—just your sort to a dot. Well, sir, he has an honest claim agin these United States for damage and raisin' the divil with his farm durin' the Civil War. And do you suppose these here United States, *E Pluribus Unum*, In God We Trust, paid that bill? Not on the tintype of your grandfather. When he goes to Washington with it, the President he says, "Now, I'd pay you this in a minute, Billy," he says, "but think of them Congressmen!" and the President he shakes his head and Billy comes home again. And from that time on, before his very eyes, he has to see his widder and eighteen helpless children die of starvation through not havin' enough to eat, right in front of his face—ain't that fierce?' says he.

"'Ya-a-as,' says I.

"'Well, at last this man gets a job in the Treasury; it didn't pay much—just enough to live on. He had charge of the banknotes before the Secretary signs 'em, to make good. Now, here comes in the curious part of it: my friend's handwritin' and the Secretary's handwritin' was that much alike neither man could tell one from t'other. This gives my friend the idee of how to break even with Uncle Sam. He just naturally laid his hooks on ten thousand dollars' worth of one-hundred-dollar notes and flew the coop, waitin' to sign 'em and dispose of 'em at leisure, thus payin' his own claim. But here comes a hitch: after he done it his conscience bit him; the notes was good; he passed a lot of 'em with no trouble, but he quit on the play. Now, if some good, honest man, yet not quite so honest as all that, wanted to turn a dollar, he could buy two thousand dollars' worth of them bills for one hundred ordinary cold money. It's this way, too,' says he. 'It ain't only conscience; the old man's mortal scart; he's always dreamin' of Secret Service men comin' in on rubbers. Now, ain't that an opportunity?'

"'Ya-a-as,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'it's now my time to eat, Mr. Scraggs, and havin' took up so much of your valuable time chinnin' here, I don't feel I could do less than share my simple repast with you. I'm a stockbroker myself,' he says, 'but none of these durned rich ones, so if you can stand for once to eat a meal not exceedin' five dollars in price, why, come along!' says he.

"Then we went into a high-toned vittel dispensary, I bet you. Jeemima! but she was gold and white paint to knock your eye out! I'll never tell you what I et, but it was good food. And to wind up, come little cups of coffee and big seegars. It was beautiful. Then says my man, 'Well, *this* is a day in a hundred. I can't tell you how good it makes me feel in this city of sin to come across a square man like yourself—what do you say to a bottle of wine?'

"'Ya-a-as,' says I. With life ripplin' along like this I was endorsin' the whole time-table.

"Wine is a mawker. The first small glass of it hadn't gone whistlin' down afore she begun to mawk me. 'Ezekiel!' says she, 'be merry; disport yourself—where's your game blood? Try a fall with this gentleman.'

"'Ya-a-as,' says I to myself. And then I says aloud and hearty, 'My friend, you've used me right. It ain't that I want to make money, but just to help your friend along; I haven't any greenbacks much in my possession, *but*,' I says, 'if you're willin' to arrange a dicker, whereby I exchange eighteen ounces of nuggets—the present market value of Chink Creek gold bein' seventeen dollars and forty cents an ounce—for two thousand dollars of your friend's bills, it

(*Concluded on Page 31*)

THE VANDERBILT LINES.

The First Founded and Most Securely Seated of the Great Modern "Systems"

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ON THE lower river front of a little New Jersey town, flanked on the one hand by dreaming hulks of rheumatic towboats, and on the other by the decaying buildings of a past generation, stands a forsaken hotel. Its windows, framed once to cheer, stare wide and sightless upon the street, and its heavy oak doors swing crazily to every wind; its floors creak uneasily under strange feet and its broken halls echo vacantly to living voices. Only bats and spiders and wood-worms seek its hospitality now; yet to the railroad world of 1904 this ruin ought to be of singular interest.

The name of the place was once the Steamboat Hotel — the genius of its owner breaking out even then in the title he chose for his inn. But the venture was never, at its best, all that its founder hoped. What now lends strange interest to the shabby landmark is, that out of the magic of its early days have risen stately palaces, lofty façades, a dynasty of American railway magnates, the splendor of Oriental dreams, and a system of transportation unapproached in the story of the world; for under the roof of this New Brunswick ruin Mrs. Vanderbilt saved the first eight hundred dollars that gave her husband, the Commodore, his start in the transportation business.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL, THE HOME OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT

To-day the Vanderbilts are the merchant princes of the railway world. Yesterday, on their own lines, they handled 90,000 cars; to-morrow it will be 100,000. When the founder of the system began in those early days to wrestle with problems of transportation, when he was getting his first taste of competition and rate wars and was carrying passengers by boat from New Brunswick to New York for sixpence, with their dinners (perhaps literally) thrown in — the straight tariff being two shillings — Spain still retained a vast American empire; but the Vanderbilt dynasty, growing ever more powerful, has seen the last vestige of Spanish sovereignty wiped from the maps of two continents. When the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes lay in swaddling clothes the house of Baring Brothers and Company stood at the height of its power, and its founder, Sir Francis Baring, was writing his Observations on the Founding of the Bank of England. When this young Cornelius Vanderbilt, the future Commodore, had reached the obscurity of his twenty-first year, Nathan Rothschild, already powerful, was spurring upon London with the secret of the French defeat at Waterloo; but the Vanderbilts have lived to see the name of Baring forgotten and the fame even of the Rothschilds dimmed by their own.

Busied with its transportation concerns, the house saw the earliest alignment of those political movements in the United States that resulted in the most stupendous civil conflict of modern times. They stuck to their ferryboats and their junk rails when Beecher was the pulpit and Greeley and Raymond were the press of this country. While still active in their business they have seen the rise of every existing political party, and they may easily survive the obsequies of the last of them as they stand to-day. In the stage-coach and the canal mule they met and overcame the threatening competition of fifty years ago; and they would face to-morrow with equal unconcern a billion-dollar invasion of their railroad territory. They alone, in all the railroad world of to-day, go back, owners and managers in unbroken succession of the telephone, the cable and the telegraph. Nor in all that time have they ever wrecked a railroad.

The Vanderbilts are not, of choice, fighters; they are conservative and well-balanced merchants. No other family can lay claim to titles such as theirs to great and honorable achievement as masters of transportation. To meet objection, always ready, let it at once be conceded that the meaning we attach to these adjectives is relative. But if we consider a moment, what other combination in industrial enterprise can boast a more colossal and creditable monument than the New York Central lines? What family in the world has really less to apologize for, when the entries are all closed, than this house of Vanderbilt?

But aside from their remarkable history, their affairs are of present moment in American railroad control because they are so powerful both in the extent of their holdings and the character of them. A map of the Vanderbilt lines is startling. At first glance the spread of its ramifications is appalling, for they would seem to cover the United States. There are in the various systems under this control 12,000 miles of railroad; but these figures do not tell all. It must be remembered that a Vanderbilt line is always a good line. If they buy a streak of rust — and first and last they have bought many — they make a good railroad of it. The outcast youngster is fumigated, scrubbed and properly clothed before he is allowed to take his place at the foot of the Vanderbilt table with the aristocratic New York Central and the emotionless Lake Shore. The acquiring of the Nickel Plate years ago, and that of the Lake Erie and Western very recently, are cases precisely in point. Moreover, how shall the mere mileage of any system reckon in comparison with New York City terminals that are in themselves equal in value to whole divisions of roads spread over desert stretches? It is claimed by their alert passenger department, and no doubt with truth, that more than one-half the people of the United States live in the territory covered by the Vanderbilt lines; certainly the people within their territory are the active half of the country. Vanderbilt steamboats plow the great lakes from end to end with the speed and with the capacity of freight trains many times enlarged; and their rails, ignoring political boundaries, are factors in the transportation systems of Canada. Vanderbilt lines are powerful in New England, and they make their rates over their own roads at Toronto, at London and at Montreal. Their cars and their boats may be found side by side at the Straits of Mackinac, and their roads stretch thence in unbroken joints to the Mississippi, at St. Louis in Missouri and at Cairo in Illinois. They intercept the Illinois River at Peoria; they tap the Ohio River at its starting point with a road that earns $68,000 a mile, and strike it again and again — now at Wheeling, at Cincinnati and at Louisville — and they abandon it only at its mouth.

If to this map the spheres of Vanderbilt influence are added we should be compelled to annex the territory of the whole Northwest with the Chicago and Northwestern system and its branches of 8000 miles spreading as far west as Wyoming,

THE L. S. & M. S. GRAVITY YARDS LOOKING EAST FROM THE "HUMP"

THE L. S. & M. S. GRAVITY YARDS LOOKING WEST FROM THE "HUMP"

THE L. S. & M. S. GRAVITY YARDS SHOWING BOTH "HUMPS" AND SWITCHING CARS

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the higher strategy of continental railroading.

penetrating the Black Hills and pushing docks from Marquette to Duluth into Lake Superior. Happily, however, and contrary to popular impression, the Northwestern is not a Vanderbilt line, their interests in it being only those of a moderate minority. Nevertheless, at the greatest inland railroad gateway, Chicago, three of the most powerful lines of the Vanderbilt system receive the traffic of the Northwest from every road of importance and exchange for it their commodities from the dense territory on the Atlantic seaboard. And notwithstanding the immense tonnage delivered to the New York Central lines by their Western and Northwestern connections, the great system gives, in turn, to each of them a tonnage materially greater in amount than it receives—demonstrating eloquently the marvelous resources of the territory that it serves.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the Vanderbilt lines east of the Chicago gateway are too strong to own, or at least to grant exclusive favors to, any one line into the West or Northwest. The great transportation capacity of the Michigan Central, the Lake Shore and the Big Four means that they must receive from, as well as give to, connecting lines a huge volume of freight. The traffic the Vanderbilt lines exchange with the St. Paul road, for example, is far too large to be disturbed by any exclusive interchange at Chicago, and it is this particular feature of traffic interchange that bobs up at every step in railroad consolidation to disturb the dreams of railroad kings. The Alton, for instance, may be considered the natural link in the Harriman lines to Chicago, but when can the Union Pacific afford to ignore what the Northwestern road has to offer, if treated fairly? Mr. Hill is a director of the Erie road, but he could hardly venture to stop Burlington interchange of traffic with the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central.

The truth is, what people continually see in the railroad sky is consolidation, and there are periodical outbursts of alarm at the menace of railroad monopoly. What people do not realize is that the country is all the while growing faster than the railroads; that it is constantly ahead of all successful transportation combinations, and that railroad consolidation is only a reflection of the country's development in every other direction.

The New York Central lines, because they are made up of some of the oldest railroads in the country, afford much interesting data on the question of consolidation, since first and last they are all consolidations. Their beginning goes back to the New York Central Railroad, seventeen miles long, in 1831; but the most advanced anti-monopoly champion of 1904 could hardly stand for separate lines of railroad in Kansas, much less in New York State, seventeen miles long. The development of the richest country in the world—that covered by the Vanderbilt rails—has always forced the investments of the house ahead even of its ambitions. The problem of the New York Central lines has never been so much to secure business by taking it from competitors as to provide for the volume that has naturally fallen to their share. Thus the problem ever foremost in the system, growing ever so fast and so unwieldily, has been the railroad problem of operating—the handling of the business.

The proper fitting to its place of each extension and each newly-acquired line in a railroad system such as this is itself a brain-racking problem. A concourse of the railroad presidents of such a combination becomes a domestic congress acting as a committee of the whole, in which measures for the well-being of each branch of the system are considered and on which the resources of the keenest railroad intellects are brought to bear to meet the exigencies of each case.

In the country where railroad operating has been brought to so high a degree of excellence as in this it is impossible to award the credit for its development to any one railroad system. Each has its particular achievements, and in operation one or two have particularly high reputations. Of the Vanderbilt interests, however, it must be said that either they have been exceptionally lucky or exceptionally wise in attracting to themselves a type of executive men who are always bigger than anything laid down in railroad books. "System" is recognized pretty generally to-day as a requisite in the successful conduct of any business; but successful men, better than others, understand that there is grave danger even in system. No railroad can afford to let any system of operation ossify on it. In reality, system is in any business but a necessary evil, and the best system is tearing down all the time as well as building up.

Herein more than anywhere else the Vanderbilts show their power in the transportation world. That rigidity of rules which under small men paralyzes a railroad's activities becomes under the Vanderbilt staffs a code elastic enough to cover an emergency rather than to cause one. The heart of the Vanderbilt lines is the New York Central; but in its operation it is never for a single moment forgotten that "system" was made for the New York Central and not the New York Central for system. The New York Central lines breathe through the Lake Shore road; but the Lake Shore code of operation is most surprising in its flexibility and its easy adaptation to the one supreme end of getting results. That which may have seemed good railroading on the Lake Shore when this article is written may seem poor railroading by the time it is printed. Every day almost the viewpoint changes to meet new conditions, and every day from the outposts of the New York Central lines letters go to headquarters from trained observers—high executive officials—bearing a heading that is every day the same:

THE SITUATION

We think that we get news in the daily press; so we do. But as to the special news that bears continually on the interests of the New York Central lines, one should see these private daily journals. The men that write them are past-masters in the school of journalism and draw salaries beyond the dreams of editors. Every day their articles bear the one insistent title:

THE SITUATION

As shifting as the sands of the Mississippi, uncertain as the freaks of fortune, and at times as startling as a political revolution is this daily business situation. The millions of people in the grain-producing territory of the Missouri River

(Continued on Page 26)

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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V—From John Graham, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards. The young man has hinted vaguely of a quarrel between himself and Helen Heath, who is in New York with her mother, and has suggested that the old man act as peacemaker.

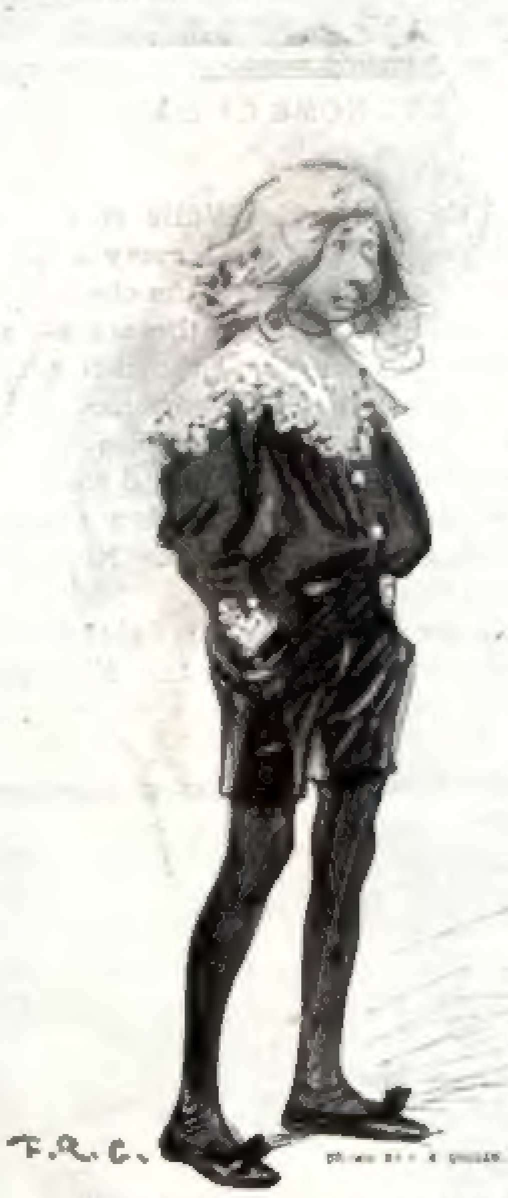
NEW YORK, December 8, 189—

Dear Pierrepont: I've been afraid all along that you were going to spoil the only really sensible thing you've ever done by making some fool break, so as soon as I got your letter I started right out to trail down Helen and her Ma. I found them hived up right here in the hotel, and Miss Helen was so sweet to your poor old Pa that I saw right off she had a stick cut for his son. Of course, I didn't let on that I knew anything about a quarrel, but I gradually steered the conversation around to you, and while I don't want to hurt your feelings, I am violating no confidence when I tell you that the mention of your name aroused about the same sort of enthusiasm that Bill Bryan's does in Wall Street—only Helen is a lady and so she couldn't cuss. But it wasn't the language of flowers that I saw in her eyes. Of course, I told her that she must make allowances for you, as you were only a half-baked boy, and that, naturally, if she stuck a hatpin into your crust she was going to strike a raw streak here and there.

She sat up a little at that, and started in to tell me that while you had said "some very, very cruel, cruel things to her, still——" But I cut her short by allowing that, sorry as I was to own it, I was afraid you had a streak of the brute in you, and I only hoped that you wouldn't take it out on her after you were married.

Well, sir, the way she flared up I thought that all the Fourth of July fireworks had gone off at once. The air was full of trouble—trouble in set pieces, and bombs, and sizzy rockets, and sixteen-ball Roman candles, and all pointed right at me. Then it came on to rain in the usual way, and she began to assure me between showers that you were so kind and gentle that it hurt you to work, or to work at my horrid pig-sticking business, I forget which, and I begged her pardon for having misjudged you so cruelly, and then the whole thing sort of simmered off into a discussion of whether I thought you'd rather she wore pink or blue at breakfast. So I guess you're all right. Only you'd better write quick and apologize.

I didn't get at the facts of the quarrel, but you're in the wrong. A fellow's always in the wrong when he quarrels with a woman, and even if he wasn't at the start he's sure to be before he gets through. And a man who's decided to marry can't be too quick learning to apologize for things he didn't say and to be forgiven for things he didn't do. When you differ with your wife never try to reason out who's in the wrong, because you'll find that after you've proved it to her she'll still have a lot of talk left that she hasn't used.



SHE CALLED HIM ALGERNON

Of course, it isn't natural and it isn't safe for married people, and especially young married people, not to quarrel a little, but you'll save a heap of trouble if you make it a rule never to refuse a request before breakfast and never to grant one after dinner. I don't know why it is, but most women get up in the morning as cheerful as a breakfast food ad., while a man will snort and paw for trouble the minute his hoofs touch the floor. Then, if you'll remember that the longer the last word is kept the bitterer it gets and that your wife is bound to have it anyway, you'll cut the rest of your quarrels so short that she'll never find out just how much meanness there is in you. Be the silent partner at home and the thinking one at the office. Do your loose talking in your sleep.

Of course, if you get a woman who's really fond of quarreling there isn't any special use in keeping still, because she'll holler if you talk back and yell if you don't. The best that you can do is to pretend that you've got a chronic case of earache, and keep your ears stuffed with cotton. Then, like as not, she'll buy one of those things that you hold in your mouth so that you can hear through your teeth.

I don't believe you're going to draw anything of that sort with Helen, but this is a mighty uncertain world, especially when you get to betting on which way the kitten is going to jump—you can usually guess right about the cat—and things don't always work out as planned. I remember a mighty nice, careful mother who used to shudder when slang was used in her presence. So she vowed she'd give *her* son a name that the boys couldn't twist into any low, vulgar nickname. She called him Algernon, but the kid had a pretty big nose, and the first day he was sent to school with his long lace collar and his short velvet pants the boys christened him Snooty, and now his parents are the only people who know what his real name is.

I told his mother, when she appealed to me for sympathy, that she made her mistake in not calling him Snooty in the first place, and then the boys would naturally have nicknamed him Algernon. Of course, she didn't understand why, and I have had too much trouble in my time to explain that her Algernon was the natural successor of old Zip and had a regular salary coming to him from Barnum whenever he chose to begin drawing it. While there's no sure rule for keeping out of trouble in this world, there's a whole set of them for getting into it.

After you've been married a little while you're going to find that there are two kinds of happiness you can have—homely happiness and fashionable happiness. With the first kind you get a lot of children and with the second a lot of dogs. While the dogs mind better and seem more affectionate, because they kiss you with their whole face, I've always preferred to associate with children. Then, for the first kind of happiness you keep house for yourself, and for the second you keep house for the neighbors.

You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you're making. You can't keep down expenses when you've got to keep up appearances—that is, the appearance of being something that you ain't. You're in the fix of a dog chasing his tail—you can't make ends meet, and if you do it'll give you such a crick in your neck that you won't get any real satisfaction out of your gymnastics. You've got to live on a rump-steak basis when you're alone, so that you can appear to be on a quail-on-toast basis when you have company. And while they're eating your quail and betting that they're cold-storage birds they'll be whispering to each other that the butcher told their cook that you lived all last week on a soup-bone and two pounds of Hamburger steak. Your wife must hog it around the house in an old wrapper because she's got to have two or three of those dresses that come high on the bills and low on the shoulders, and when she wears 'em the neighbors are going to wonder how much you're short in your accounts. And if you've been raised a shouting Methodist and been used to hollering your satisfaction in a good hearty Glory! or a Hallelujah! you've got to quit it and go to one of those churches where the right answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" is "Dividend," and where they think you're throwing a fit and sick the sexton on to you if you forget yourself and whoop it up a little when your religion gets to working.

Then, if you do have any children you can't send them to a plain public school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic, because they've got to go to a fashionable private one to learn hog-Latin, hog-wash, and how much the neighbors are worth. Of course, the rich children are going to say that they're pushing little kids, but they've got to learn to push and to shove and to butt right in where they're not wanted if they intend to associate with the real angora billy-goats. They've got to learn how to bow low to every one in front of them and to kick out at every one behind them. It takes a good four-year course in snubbing before you can graduate a first-class snob.

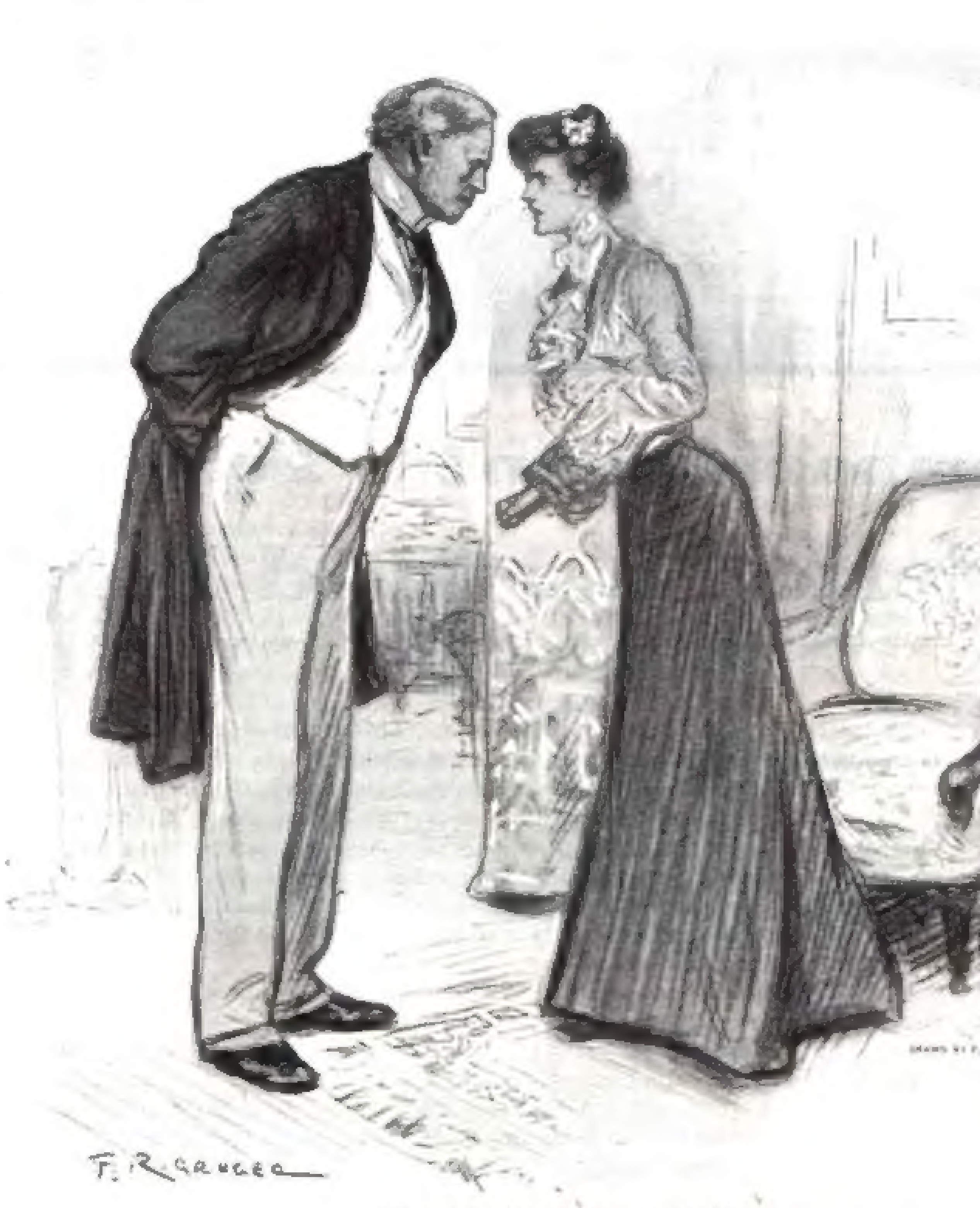
Then, when you've sweat along at it for a dozen years or so you'll wake up some morning and discover that your appearances haven't deceived any one but yourself. A man who tries that game is a good deal like the fellow who puts on a fancy vest over a dirty shirt—he's the only person in the world who can't see the egg spots under his chin. Of course, there isn't any real danger of you and Helen wearing a false front while I'm alive, because I believe she's got too much sense to stand for anything of the sort; but if she should you can expect the old man around with his megaphone to whisper the real figures to your neighbors.

I don't care how much or how little money you make, I want you to understand that there's only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that's inside your income. A family that's living beyond its means is simply a business that's losing money—it's bound to go to smash. And to keep a safe distance ahead of the sheriff you've got to make your wife help. More men go broke through bad management at home than at the office. And I might add that a lot of men who are used to getting only one dollar's worth of food for a five-dollar bill downtown expect their wives to get five dollars' worth of food for a one-dollar bill at the corner grocery, and to save the change toward a pair of diamond earrings. These fellows would plant a tin can and kick because they didn't get a crop of tomatoes.

Of course, some women put their husband's salaries on their backs instead of his ribs; but there are a heap more men who burn up their wives' new sealskin sacques in two-bit cigars. Because a man's a good provider it doesn't always mean that he's a good husband—it may mean that he's a hog. And when there's a cuss in the family and it comes down to betting which, on general principles the man always carries my money. I make mistakes at it, but it's the only winning system I've ever been able to discover in games of chance.

You want to end the wedding trip with a business meeting and talk to your wife just as frankly as you would to a man whom you'd taken into partnership. Tell her just what your salary is and then lay it out between you—so much for joint expenses, the house and the housekeeping, so much for her expenses, so much for yours, and so much to be saved. That last is the one item on which you can't afford to economize. It's the surplus and undivided profits account of your business, and until the concern accumulates a big one it isn't safe to move into offices on Easy Street.

A lot of fool fathers only give their fool daughters a liberal education in spending, and it's pretty hard to teach those women the real facts about earning and saving, but it's got to be done unless you want to be the fool husband of a fool wife. These girls have an idea that men get money by going to a benevolent old party behind some brass bars and shoving a check at him and telling him that they want it in fifties and hundreds.


F. R. Gruger
DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

THE AIR WAS FULL OF TROUBLE

You want to take home your salary in actual money for a while, and explain that it's all you got for sweating like a dog for ten hours a day, through six long days, and that the cashier handed it out with an expression as if you were robbing the cash drawer of an orphan asylum. Make her understand that while those that have gets, when they present a check, those that haven't gets it in the neck. Explain that the benevolent old party is only on duty when papa's daughter has a papa that Bradstreet rates AA, and that when papa's daughter's husband presents a five-dollar check with a ten-cent overdraft he's received by a low-browed old brute who calls for the bouncer to put him out. Tell her right at the start the worst about the butcher, and the grocer, and the iceman, and the milkman, and the plumber, and the gas-meter—that they want their money and that it has to come out of that little roll of bills. Then give her enough to pay them, even if you have to grab for your lunch from a high stool. I used to know an old fellow back in Missouri who said that the man who did the carving was always a fool or a hog, but you've got to learn not to divide your salary on either basis.

Make your wife pay cash. A woman never really understands money till she's done that for a while. I've noticed that people rarely pay down the money for foolish purchases—they charge them. And it's mighty seldom that a woman's extravagant unless she or her husband pays the bills by check. There's something about counting out the actual legal tender on the spot that keeps a woman from really wanting a lot of things which she thinks she wants.

When I married your Ma your grandpa was keeping eighteen niggers busy seeing that the family did nothing. She'd had a liberal education, which, so far as I've been able to find out, means teaching a woman everything except the real business that she's going into—that is, if she marries. But when your Ma swapped the big house and the eighteen niggers for me and an old mammy to do the rough work she left the breakfast-in-bed, fine-lady business behind her and started right in to get the rest of the education that belonged to her. She did a mighty good job, too, all except making ends meet, and they were too elastic for her at first—sort of snapped back and left a deficit just when she thought she had got them together.

She was mighty sorry about it, but she'd never heard of any way of getting money excepting asking papa for it, and she'd sort of supposed that every one asked papa when they wanted any, and, Why didn't I ask papa? I finally made her see that I couldn't ask my papa, because I hadn't any, and that I couldn't ask hers, because it was against the rules of the game as I played it, and that was her first real lesson in low finance.

I gave her the second when she came to me about the twentieth of the month and kissed me on the ear and sent a little whisper after it to the effect that the household appropriation for the month was exhausted and the pork-barrel and the meal-sack and the chicken-coop were in the same enfeebled condition.

I didn't say anything at first, only looked pretty solemn, and then I allowed that she'd have to go into the hands of a receiver. Well, sir, the way she snuggled up to me and cried made me come pretty close to weakening, but finally I told her that I reckoned I could manage it so I'd be appointed by the court and hush up the scandal so the neighbors wouldn't hear of it.

I took charge of her little books and paid over to myself her housekeeping money each month, buying everything myself, but explaining every move I made, until in the end I had paid her out of debt and caught up with my salary again. Then I came home on the first of the month, handed out her share of the money, and told her that the receiver had been discharged by the court.

My, but she was pleased. And then she paid me out for the scare I'd given her by making me live on side meat and cornbread for a month, so she'd be sure not to get the sheriff after her again. Of course, I had to tell her all about it in the end, and though she's never forgotten what she learned about money during the receivership, she's never quite forgiven the receiver.

Speaking of receiving, I notice the receipts of hogs are pretty light. Hold your lard prices up stiff to the market. It looks to me as if that Milwaukee crowd was getting under the February delivery.

Your affectionate father,
John Graham.

P. S. You've got, to square me with Helen.

Statesmanship and Salt Pork

IN COUNSELING a certain line of action upon an important affair of state, President Roosevelt was recently met with the protest from a statesman that for twenty-five years he had been opposed to the project.

Apropos of the statesman's attitude the President, later, so the report goes, told the following story:

One day, during the first winter of his life on the Western plains, he was saddling his horse preparatory to riding through a snowstorm to a town six miles distant, when a cadaverous neighbor appeared at the front door.

"Not a-goin' ridin' in this yere weather?"

"Yes, I like to get out in a storm. It's like a tonic, and, besides, I need some fresh meat," was the reply.

"Hain't you no salt pork laid up?"

"Yes, but I don't care for that as a steady diet, and, furthermore, it is not, I fear, very readily digested."

"Now, that's where you're mistaken," began the plainsman.

Mr. Roosevelt looked squarely at his critic. The man's cheeks were hollow and his body was thin. His complexion, even in that bracing region, was like putty. Malnutrition and hopeless dyspepsia were written all over the poor fellow.

"Look at me," he continued; "been on these plains seventeen years and never a day in all that time when I haven't set down to from one to three meals of good old salt pork. You don't catch me goin' out in no snowstorm for fresh meat. If salt pork wasn't digestible, as you say, wouldn't it of showed on me long ago? You bet it would."

Laughingly, in search of health and fresh meat, Mr. Roosevelt rode away in the blizzard.

"And some of these old salt-pork advocates are statesmen now," is reported to have been the President's comment as he concluded his anecdote.

PANAMA AND SUEZ

A Comparison and a Forecast

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt
Author of Present-Day Egypt

THE Government is being memorialized almost daily by labor organizations to employ Americans exclusively in constructing the Panama Canal; and at least one labor convention has urged President Roosevelt in a group of resolutions solemnized by "whereases" and "wherefores" to permit the great waterway to be completed only by members of recognized American labor unions. Were this done it would lead not only to the undoing of trade-unionism, but literally to the demise of most of the unionists sent to the isthmus.

The sentiment reflected in these appeals to the Executive is laudable, for it is distinctly patriotic. But canal-digging at Panama with pick and shovel is not a vocation for the adopted or native American—his services are worth more at home. Considerations of humanity must take precedence of those of patriotism in this gigantic undertaking, and the canal must perforce be finished by laborers greatly inferior in more than one respect to American workmen. They must be men raised in the tropics, accustomed as nearly as possible to climatic conditions of the isthmus, and possibly immune to more than one disease that in a few months might decimate an army of workers reared in northern latitudes. To attempt to predict the death-rate, otherwise, would be folly.

The Most Perplexing Problem of the Enterprise

WHO—what nationality, what race of men—will supply the brawn and muscle? "Chinese," will be the answer of three out of four persons giving the problem passing thought. There are physical as well as political reasons why Chinamen cannot consistently be employed. They are not indigenous to the tropics, for they come from a country having practically the range of latitude of the United States; when transplanted to a latitude near the equator they lack the stamina requisite for severe manual effort, and bring with them racial vices and unclean customs not wanted in a land that is going to be near kin to Uncle Sam. De Lesseps had them on the isthmus, and the bones of thousands are there to-day. Most of the labor in building the Panama railroad was Chinese, it is true; but it is as inevitable to the passenger to be told by conductor or chance acquaintance that every sleeper on the line marks the grave of a Mongol as it is to pay his fare. And, much to the point, the digging of a governmental canal on the equivalent of American soil by a race excluded from our domain by law would be a grave anomaly, for the United States cannot readily control men having no legal existence under its statutes.

Chinese labor, probably, is out of the question. Panama City and Colon have long complained of the presence of Chinese on the isthmus, and for numerous reasons they are held undesirable; but they have been there since the time of De Lesseps, and control certain lines of trade and do many things for the Panamanian. Their savings always go to China, and when their "pile" is accumulated they go, too. It would be better to go to Southern India, to the neighborhood of Madras, for laborers than to China. Indian coolie labor has much to commend it. The English Government has proved this in British Guiana, where indentured coolies, working the sugar plantations, have saved the colony from bankruptcy. These East Indians toil like beavers, frown upon miscegenation, and at the end of their five years' contract are taken back to India with practically every farthing earned during their exile. The native Africans brought by De Lesseps to cut the canal left beriberi and other diseases on the isthmus.

But Asiatics and blacks from Africa are neither necessary nor desirable to the great work soon to be taken in hand. The question of labor is the most perplexing problem associated with the enterprise, doubtless; but the Western World can supply the men needed. It is asserted generally by those writing on the subject that to complete the canal will require the services of 50,000 men for eight years. This calculation is mellowed by age: it was the estimate a dozen years ago. I would like to compliment that form of American genius that produces dredgers, rock-cutters and excavators, steam navvies and drills by believing that if 50,000 workers were necessary a decade ago under foreign guidance to finish the canal, that 40,000 can now perform the task in eight years. That would be allowing a paltry twenty per cent. benefit to the American inventor and mechanic.

If this hypothesis is reasonable, the Government has a solution of the labor feature at its door—or at the canal's door—in the British West Indies. It is the blacks and half-breeds of the Caribbean archipelago who must be looked to by the United States Government. A few thousand West Indians are now working for the French company, and presumably a few thousands of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity would gravitate toward the isthmus directly operations began. Some toilers will be drawn, naturally, from the Gulf States, and from Italy and other southern countries of Europe; but few will come from the Latin-American neighbors of the republic of Panama—inhabitants of these will prefer politics and revolutions to good wages.

Probably ninety per cent. of the laborers must be drawn from King Edward's island possessions. Jamaica, with its agricultural depression and other misfortunes, should spare a reasonable number of its 750,000 people. The authorities may question the wisdom of letting laborers in large numbers leave the island; but the opportunity to earn a white man's wage will probably stampede the Jamaicans in their desire to work for Uncle Sam. At home they are lazy, at times troublesome; but when working on Costa Rican banana plantations or for the French canal company they have ever been tractable and industrious. Reared in a latitude only six hundred miles north of the isthmus, they would go there immune from certain fevers and disorders.

The Choice and Care of the Workmen

ANOTHER island from which important drafts of blacks may be made is Barbados, the most populous spot according to area in this hemisphere. Barbados, only three hundred miles north of Panama, has 200,000 people, averaging 1178 to the square mile. Barbadian negroes are scattered over the American tropics; Trinidad is full of them, and few island villages are without some representatives, explained by the fact that Barbados is practically without industries. A few laborers would come from the Bahamas, and some from the Danish West Indies. Trinidad, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, St. Christopher and other British islands would send quotas; but practically none would be contributed by strife-loving Hayti and Santo Domingo. With Porto Rico fairly started on a career of prosperity, few men could be spared from the island, and the same situation exists in Cuba.

The British islands accessible to Colon have, approximately, 1,500,000 people; and it is a fact unfortunate to their welfare that since the collapse of the sugar industry the scheme of existence has not always been with them a simple matter. These poor blacks and mulattos must be jubilant over the prospect of remunerative occupation. The Washington Government as a paymaster would have an impelling influence with them not easily checked. Assuredly three or four per cent. of this population of about 1,500,000 would be available, and might be spared from the islands without creating local shortages of workmen; probably the movement might secure the coöperation of the administrators of the islands. The men are there and ready enough to work for Uncle Sam. The task of getting them may present certain difficulties, but not unsurmountable.

Obviously an industrial army of 35,000 might be attracted from the Caribbean archipelago. The workers should be chosen with the same care as that devoted to recruiting for the army and navy. If rigorous and exhaustive, a physical examination would contribute to the lessening of the death-rate on the isthmus; and this should take place in the islands, that none but sound men be engaged. A condition should be an agreement to remain on the isthmus for a period of three or four months at a time, and not longer. They should then be replaced by a fresh draft of men, interchange and transportation being systematically arranged by agents of our Government. We possess the requisites for this part of the work. The interoceanic canal, to be governmental property, is entitled to all needed assistance from the army, navy and transport service. If there is no precedent for the program herein sketched, it is because no truly great canal has been constructed by a government.

The effect upon the islands from which the laborers are drawn should be beneficial. Apathy and indolence reign everywhere in the West Indies; planters and traders once rich are now poor, and among the blacks there is a painful absence of money. Prostration of the sugar industry is directly responsible for this. A few years' remunerative labor, with attendant quickening of intellect and energies, can have but one effect upon the moral and material welfare of the negroes. They are capable of any work where their task is outlined by superior intelligence. What they need is encouragement, something more encouraging than their prevailing rate of compensation, two shillings or less a day. These facts are certain to be perceived by the British Government, and this might produce an understanding with the American Government amounting almost to coöperation.

Here is something that should be better understood: that under United States rule the isthmus will not be the pest-hole it has been ever since the demands of travel and commerce turned it into a highway. The advent of American rule will improve the hygiene of the region, the methods of living, perhaps the climate. Of the French millions spent and squandered on the isthmus, very little was devoted to improving sanitary conditions. Abundant provision was made for caring for those stricken by disease, but little was done in the direction of minimizing the chance of a workman being overtaken by illness through unwholesome and unsanitary conditions.

The Plague Spot of the Western World

THE Chagres River makes the isthmus the unhealthiest spot on the American continent; it might well be called the River of Death. Overflowing its banks and flooding the low swamp lands annually, or following a torrential rain, it leaves vegetable and animal matter to decay under the scorching tropical sun, breeding swift and strange death. It is the source of the most dangerous fever known, tenfold more dangerous than yellow fever. Thousands of native African and Chinese laborers have been victims of Chagres fever. Complaining at their toil of not feeling well, they would lie on the bank to rest for a moment—and would never rise. If there has been a fall of rain, however moderate, or if the atmosphere is heavy with moisture, the penalty for venturing out doors after nightfall is generally death—death within a few hours. Mile upon mile of the country between Colon and Panama is a mass of underbrush so thick that nothing but animals and reptiles can penetrate it; where this jungle is broken the spaces are covered by water surfaced with green, wherein loathsome reptiles and poisonous insects thrive.

Men skilled in hygienic science must correct many failings of Nature within the canal zone. Engineers, medical officers and sanitary experts must precede the man with the shovel and "clean up" the isthmus. This is imperative. A year devoted to the task would probably shorten the constructive work by two years. Colon and Panama must be cleansed, scores of fever-breeding swamps drained, stagnant sink-holes obliterated, and decaying nature looked after. A vital prerequisite will be a supply of pure water from one end of the canal to the other. To my mind greater care should be exercised in selecting health officers for the isthmus than engineers to lead the canal-makers: the responsibilities of the former will be greater than those of the latter, and the success of the former greater than any utilitarian victory can possibly be.

For months the Washington Government has had Colonel W. M. Black on the isthmus. This modest officer is one of the ablest sanitary engineers in our army. He helped General Wood to clean up Cuba, working out the details of many suggestions that reduced the mortality at a rate almost amazing. If Colonel Black and his assistants are to forerun the civil engineers and the laborers with picks and shovels the death-rate should be tremendously lessened from what it was under the French company. Perhaps they may reduce the annual mortality to five per cent.; some who are familiar with Colonel Black's capabilities say the death-rate should be under this figure, provided the greater share of workpeople come from the Caribbean islands.

Our Government will have better natural conditions to deal with at Panama than those that De Lesseps and the later French company contended with. Uncle Sam finds the canal nearly two-fifths dug — eleven miles of "wet" cutting on the Atlantic side and nine miles of the same on the Pacific side being practically completed. But the remaining twenty-seven miles of "dry" cutting will try his powers, for it calls for the reducing of the Culebra (meaning snake — everything on the isthmus is named from something vile and poisonous) hill to a depth where locks may be introduced. This elevated cutting cannot be half so fatal to life as was the work in the low regions.

The cost? It will be enormous — say $225,000,000, including the payment of $40,000,000 to the French company and $10,000,000 to the republic of Panama. Bear in mind, please, that citizens of France have spent and squandered fully $265,000,000 over the Panama scheme — but not half this found its way to the isthmus, presumably, for Paris swindlers had fat pickings for many years in the name of Panama. The Suez Canal, just under a hundred miles in length, cost a round $100,000,000; but that presented no engineering difficulties, demanded no deep cuttings, no locks. Hundreds of thousands of Egyptian fellaheen working without pay simply scooped out the desert sand by basketfuls along a line traced by the gold-headed cane of Ferdinand de Lesseps. The engineering features, after it was demonstrated that the Mediterranean and Red Seas were of the same level, might almost have been dealt with by a bright schoolboy.

The Panama Canal will make the United States the trade arbiter of the universe; but it will "pay" only indirectly. It is going to be expensive to construct and expensive to operate; and for a great many years the tolls cannot be expected to defray the cost. With its artificial harbors the Nicaraguan Canal would cost more to construct and operate, and could never be very successful. In these times the Egyptian Canal collects $20,000,000 a year from its traffic, but thirty years ago the receipts were half this sum; frequently reduced, its tariff is now $1.70 per ton of freight and $2 for each passenger. Last year the number of steamships (there were no sailing vessels) passing through the Suez Canal averaged ten a day.

The Panama enterprise will indirectly bring golden reward through affording to the United States a short cut to new markets at present almost unknown to American products. The entire west coast of South America — where British and German trade is paramount — will be brought into close commercial relations, and ships using the waterway will make Australia and the Orient neighbors of the Atlantic seaboard. The construction of the Suez Canal altered the conditions of trade of the Eastern Hemisphere, and the completion of the Panama Canal will correspondingly revolutionize Western World commerce. The shortening of water distance between our own Atlantic ports and those of the Pacific Coast is not the purpose of the isthmian canal, for it cannot logically be made a competitor with rival transcontinental railroads.

This being an age of public utilities, and with American statesmen devoting profound thought to reestablishing the Stars and Stripes on the sea, it is reasonable to believe that the canal will not be in operation many years before the best intelligence of the land will agitate for free privileges to United States ships. Indeed, it would be strange if one or both of the great political parties did not make a Presidential campaign attractive by a "free canal" plank — that is, free use of the canal to the flag of the United States, with the expense to the nation defrayed from a public appropriation, perhaps that supporting rivers and harbors. Toll roads and bridges had to yield to the sentiment against them.

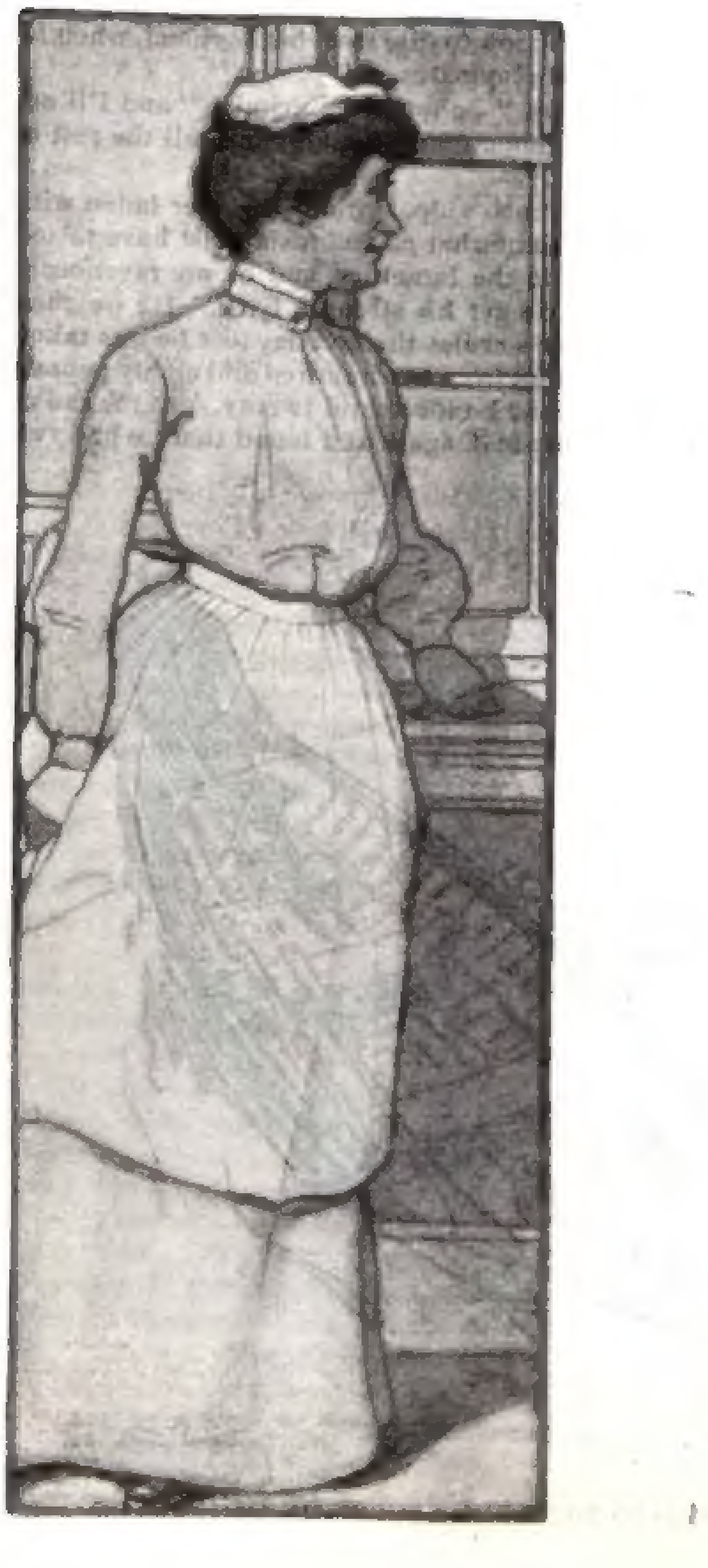
No one not gifted with prescience may venture to pronounce when the canal will be finished; but it is reasonable belief that it should be opened to traffic during the winter of 1911-12. Canal-building as an industry depends upon too many controlling influences to make it possible to determine long in advance when an enterprise will be consummated. Here are five cardinal elements that the mind may fancy as represented by the star in the flag of Panama: Health, labor, engineering, politics, money. It is the last-mentioned only that possesses no germ of delay, when Uncle Sam fairly starts with spade and pick; and it is hoped that politics will not enter into the project, for it should be the canal of the nation, irrespective of faction or party. The remaining elements are beyond human control, but alertness, forethought and experience may minimize the possibility of delay therewith. If matters run smoothly the turnstile between oceans should be ready for use by 1911; if only fairly well, then 1912 would be a safer prediction. A rational compromise is to say "during the winter of 1911-12." Should an outbreak of plague, cholera or yellow fever ever get beyond control of the medical authorities on the isthmus, prognostications as to when the canal will be completed would have to be revised.

It was thirteen years from the date of obtaining the concession by De Lesseps, in 1856, before the Suez Canal was finished — but only a minor share of this period was represented by constructive work. De Lesseps' obstacles were not those of engineering, but of financiering and political opposition. In

(Concluded on Page 32)

DENNIS TO HIS VALENTINE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN



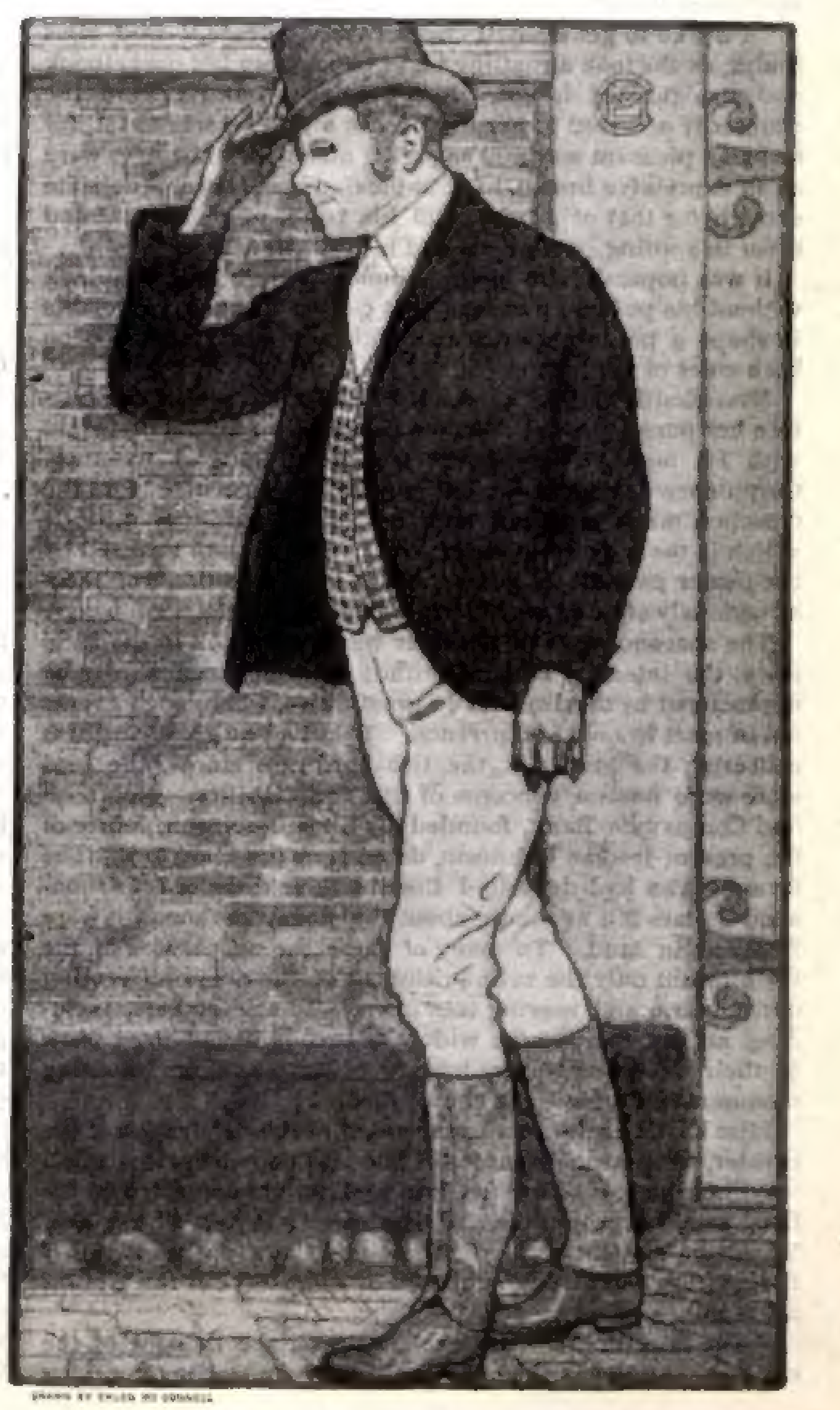
I wint out to buy me a valentine, dear,
   That should spake me devotion to you,
And I saw a lot there and I saw a lot here,
   But 'twas sorrar the lot that would do;
For though ivery wan, from the best to the worst,
   Wid the fine dicoration was gay,
So flimsy they were, from the last to the first,
   That the first wouldn't last through the day.

They showed me wan fixed up wid lace here and there
   And a sweet, painted Cupid below,
But lace that is paper, me darlin', will tear
   And only is meant for a show.
And Cupids that's painted may flutter about
   So long as the sunshine is warm,
But what would you give for a love that washed out
   At the very first taste of a storm?

They showed me a heart bustin' up in a flame
   Like a fire on Saint Patherick's Day,
And a couple of rhymes underneath of that same
   Tellin' how mine was burnin' that way.
Now a heart, me dear girl, that got blazin' so high,
   Seems to me, would burn out and be dead,
And whin you most needed the warmth of it — why,
   There'd be nothin' but ashes instead.

And so — though I hunted through street after street,
   It was niver a wan of thim there
That told half the love that I feel for you, sweet,
   And I came home agin in dispair.
But watch whin the clock says it's quarter past eight
   On the edge of the night of to-day,
And you'll see, slippin' in through the backyard front gate,
   A valentine comin' your way.

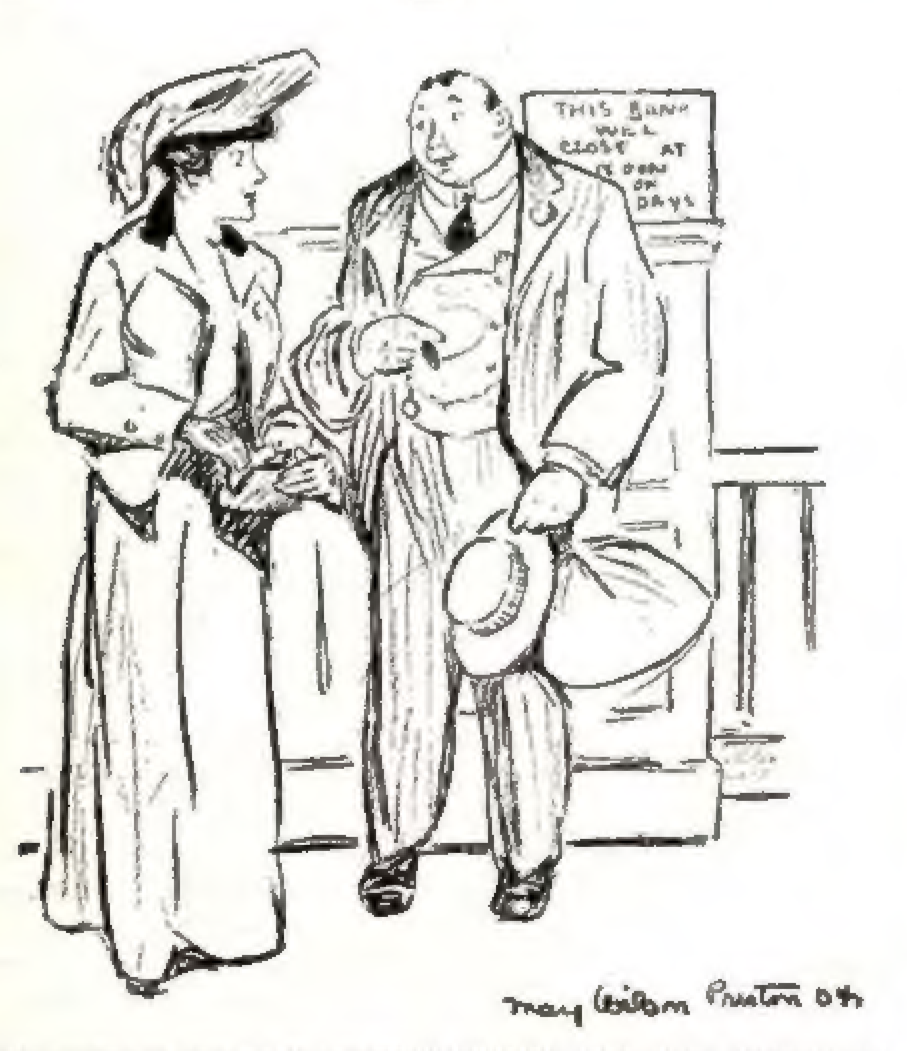
'Tis not very handsome, but shure it'll last
   Through the heat or the cowld or the rain,
And its love won't wash out, for the color is fast
   And is proof aginst sorrow or pain.
Its heart is as warm and true blue as a sky
   Wid the sunbeams of June all ashine,
And its name — Well, I hope you'll change yours by and by
   For the name of your own valentine.



Jergens' Reincarnation

A Tale of a Fat Man and a Slim Chance

By George Horton



SHE NOTICED THAT HE WAS YOUNG AND FAT—VERY FAT

MISS VIOLET SMITH saw the cashier of Robinson and Company's little country bank the day before he departed for Canada, taking so great a portion of the funds with him that, with other irregularities, he caused the concern to close its doors. He walked into the place ahead of her and then, as she stood at the counter—there was no iron grating—he turned about and faced her, inquiring:

"What can I do for you, madam?"

As he stood there with his hat in his hand she noticed that he was young and fat—very fat. His obesity, because of his youth, was not of the sort that results in abdominal protrusion, but was rather distributed evenly over his entire body. His cheeks were puffed out as though he were inflating them with wind, his legs were as large around as bags of wheat, and so fleshy on the contiguous surfaces that they gave him the appearance of being "knock-kneed." He was broad, too—very, very broad.

"I'd like to get a small check cashed, please," said Miss Smith, as she took a rustling bit of paper from her pocketbook and straightened it out. As he came around behind the counter it occurred to her that it was a pity he was so fat, for he had a pleasant way and engaging manners. His eyes were of an expressive brown, his complexion was fair and delicate enough for that of a baby, and his teeth, when he revealed them in smiling, were even and beautifully white.

It was impossible to imagine, however, how he would look without his puffed-up cheeks, that caused his head to resemble in shape a pumpkin, or a man with a violent toothache on both sides of the jaw.

Miss Smith smiled as she left the bank, tucking the bills into her purse. Alas! Women never fall in love at first sight with fat men. There never was a fat hero of romance. Corpulence suggests—often unfairly—eagerness for the trencher, much laughter, and that jovial, care-free attitude which is the very antipode of love. Fat men are tortured by the tender passion, of course, but it is hard to think of them as seriously affected, as suffering other than Falstaffian pangs.

The absconding of the cashier was a sensation in the little town, the intensity and magnitude of which can hardly be appreciated by the dwellers in great cities, where such events are of more frequent occurrence. They had no great business concerns; the groceries, the two hardware stores, the feed store were modest concerns of age and stability. Robinson and Company's Bank, founded by Silas Robinson, father of the present Jerome Robinson, dated from the year 1857. The farmers who had deposited therein their three or four thousand dollars felt as secure about the money as though it were invested in land. To many of these the suspension of the bank meant only the relinquishment of the dream of renting out the farm and moving into town. To a few others, including an old maid and a widow or two, it meant hard work in their declining years, instead of ease and an imposing monument in the village churchyard.

Miss Violet Smith was exasperated at the defalcation of the cashier, for personal reasons. She was an heiress in a small way, but the loss of her five hundred dollars deposited in the bank would occasion the changing of certain agreeable plans. When she thought of the old maid and the widow or two, her indignation was strong and tears of sympathy for the victims arose to her eyes.

"The fat villain!" she exclaimed, as she thought of the cashier. And even then she could not help smiling, for there is something comical and contradictory in the very thought of a villain who is fat.

Mr. Jergens' first sensation, after he had got comfortably seated in the smoker of the outgoing train, was one of unalloyed satisfaction. He was fixed now, for life. He wasn't a millionaire, nor yet a rich man; but he had made a comfortable haul. He should be able to live for several years at his ease and to get into some business of which he would be the owner. As he lay back in the seat the big bulging pocketbook pressed genially against his heart, and he tapped it affectionately with his hand. His conscience did not trouble him at all. As for the farmers, why, they had their farms. A man possessing sixty or one hundred acres of land, and who knows how to work them, has no need of a bank deposit. The widows and the old maids, none of them had got together enough to be of any real use to them. What could any one do with a few hundred dollars? He had simply gathered together all these useless driblets into a sum of sufficient size to be of real advantage to a human being, and had constituted himself that being. And now it was that he began to worry about his obesity. A man of his size was marked, was easily described. Thank Heaven, he had given himself sufficient time to get away, but he realized that, wherever he went, every one who looked at him would at least suspect him of being the defaulting cashier. He would be as conspicuous as the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. He determined, therefore, to take ship and sail away immediately to some remote part of the earth. Accordingly, despite the fact that his ticket was bought for Toronto, he took boat at Buffalo with the idea of making connections that would bring him out at Halifax. Fortune favored him. He had departed on Saturday afternoon, and the trouble would not be discovered till Monday morning. He arrived at Halifax in the evening and got away on a big sailing vessel bound for Australia and laden with a miscellaneous cargo of non-perishable goods. He had not been on the ship two days before he discovered that not a soul on board knew of the disaster to the Newark bank. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"'Tis a big world," he muttered, as he stood leaning against the rail, looking contentedly at the green waves that galloped by in endless procession. "'Tis a big world, and a man is an idiot who fails to make the most of it. And we've only one life to live."

And, like Captain Kidd, he sailed and he sailed.

But it's a long way from Halifax to Australia, and the sea is an uncertain element. Somewhere, it matters not at all where, a great storm arose, and the ship that was bearing Mr. Ernest W. Jergens and his fortunes was wrecked and all on board were obliged to take to the boats, three in number. One of these promptly swamped, and all its occupants were drowned. The other floated away, appearing now and then as it crested a wave, each time smaller, till it finally disappeared. Jergens never knew what did become of it. In his own boat were the captain, four sailors and a boy, besides himself. They were weeks afloat, during which time all perished with the exception of Jergens, whose reserve supply of fat kept him alive. The reader must imagine the sufferings of our hero and his companions during this terrible time. It is no part of this narrative to describe them. Not a sail was seen from first to last, but finally, one morning Jergens had the inexpressible joy to behold land, and two hours later he ran his prow into a bit of beach the shape of a new moon and but half a mile in length. About the first thing he saw, as he staggered upon the land, almost fainting from hunger, was a large clam, washed ashore by an incoming wave. The shell was broken, revealing the throbbing meat. He fell upon his knees, literally tore the bivalve apart with his fingers, and devoured it. Then he ran up and down the beach, as eagerly as a marsh hen looking for food, in search of more clams. His joy was great to discover that they came storming in continuously. He gorged himself on clams, after which he dug a well in the sand, some distance back from the sea, and was pleased to find that it filled with tolerably fresh water.

His island proved to be a mere giant rock or projecting top of a submarine mountain. Quite a number of trees grew on it—a small, gnarled species of oak, and these furnished enough material for the beacon fire which he determined to light at night and for a column of smoke by day. He was taken off by a passing steamer at the end of the fourth week on the island, during which time he had subsisted largely on the clams and an occasional bird which he managed to kill by creeping up on the flock and throwing a heavy stick into it as it arose from the ground. It was intensely hot upon the island during the day, and the only shade that Jergens could find was afforded by a tumbled mass of rocks. He spent much of his time, however, upon a blistering knoll of sand, chasing after a species of crab that ran sideways on long legs with incredible swiftness and dived into a hole. The sand was white and glittered in the sun till it made his eyes ache, the sea shone like a lake of glass, and the scurrying crabs were as white as bits of ivory. Whenever Jergens succeeded in catching one of these nimble creatures it afforded a welcome variety in his bill-of-fare. Moreover, in the hurry of leaving the sinking ship a box of Cranz's assorted delicacies had been put into the boat by mistake for a box of crackers, and Jergens found the pickles and chili sauce quite useful in rendering the clams less monotonous. He did not, however, leave his diet upon the island with any feeling of regret.

The men who came after him in a boat from the ship standing out there to sea were Frenchmen, and the cashier was unable to converse with them at all; but as soon as he got on board the captain addressed him in tolerable English.

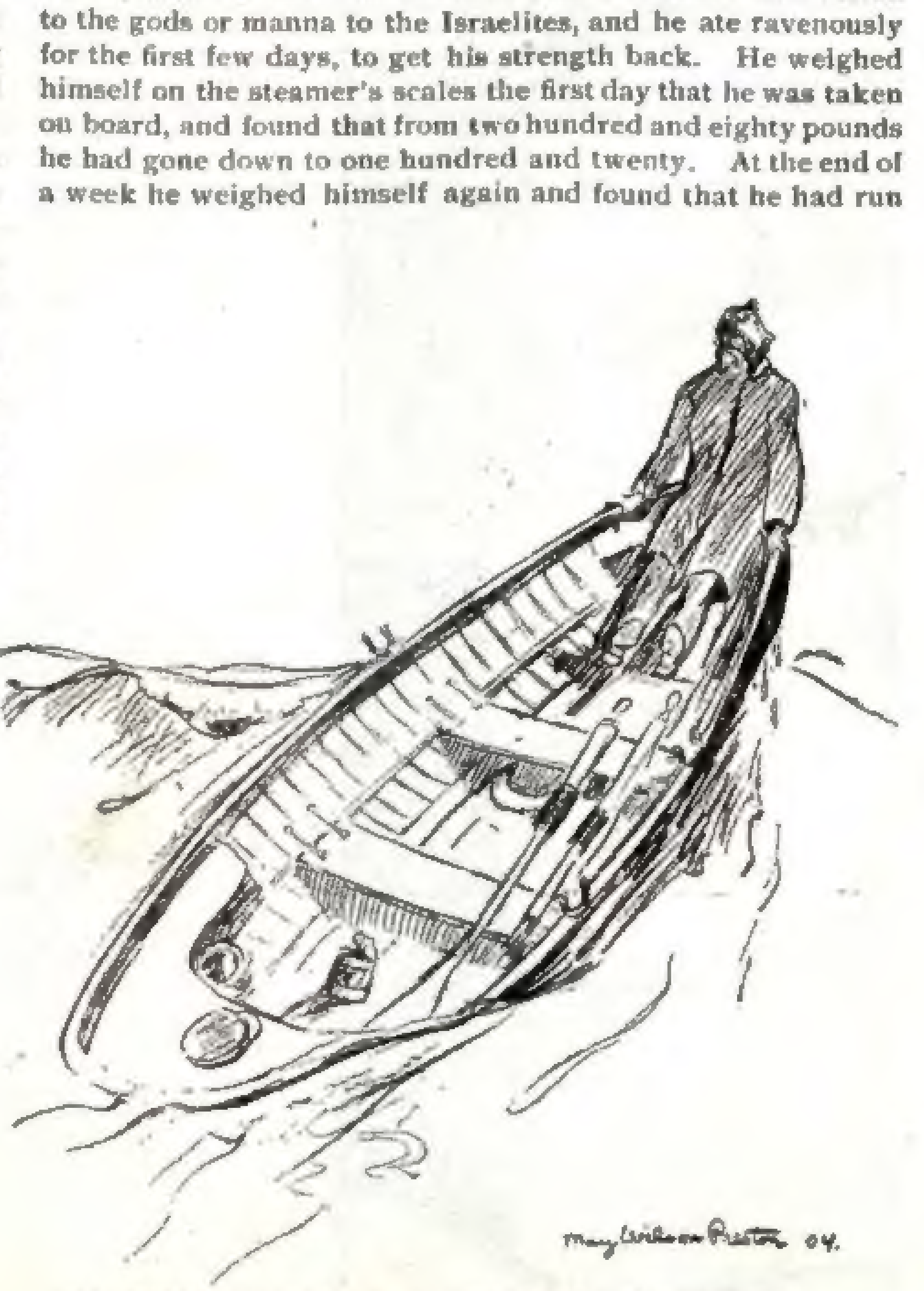
"My name is Stackpole," said Jergens; "Jonas Stackpole," remembering with considerable difficulty the name by which he had been known on the wrecked steamer. He was conscious of a great fear, the moment he met the captain's eye, that he would be recognized as the absconding cashier; an unreasonable and groundless fear, as the reader will agree, founded solely on his own consciousness of guilt. When he went into the captain's cabin and caught sight of himself in a full-length mirror he laughed aloud. He was transformed, he was another man. Jergens, the fat Jergens, had disappeared, and in his place stood another man—a sallow man whose face was covered with a scraggy beard, and who was thin—yes, actually thin, almost to the point of emaciation.

"I will trim my beard," he mused, "and I can go back to the United States, or anywhere I choose. No one will recognize me now."

His joy over losing his fat was the greater inasmuch as it had been a heavy affliction to him from his boyhood, when he was known among his playmates as "Jumbo."

"Well, it's gone now," he muttered grimly, "and I'll not let it come back, if I live on pickles and clams all the rest of my life."

The food on the French ship, a tramp steamer laden with wheat, tasted to him somewhat as ambrosia must have tasted to the gods or manna to the Israelites, and he ate ravenously for the first few days, to get his strength back. He weighed himself on the steamer's scales the first day that he was taken on board, and found that from two hundred and eighty pounds he had gone down to one hundred and twenty. At the end of a week he weighed himself again and found that he had run



ALL PERISHED WITH THE EXCEPTION OF JERGENS back up to one hundred and thirty. He made a little calculation and his face blanched with fear.

"Ten pounds a week! In twenty weeks I'll gain two hundred pounds, then I'll weigh three hundred and thirty pounds. I must stop this thing right here."

And he did. He dieted so rigidly and persistently that he managed to remain a tall, slender man with a thin face. However he might enjoy life, the pleasures of the table were certainly denied him; and this was a hardship, for he had left the island some forty thousand dollars richer—the money of the wrecked schooner, taken from the body of the dead captain.

He returned to America and at the end of two years gained such confidence in his changed appearance that he shaved off his beard, which grew but unevenly and was not becoming. He began even to feel that he, Jonas Stackpole, was not the same man as Ernest W. Jergens. He felt that his character was different. The consciousness of his thin, ascetic face caused him to look more seriously upon life, to judge his neighbors more severely, to talk less and to laugh much less. Indeed, of laughter he lived in wholesome fear, because he had ever in mind the ancient saw, "Laugh and grow fat."

He joined the church and attended services regularly, and whereas he had been mildly interested before in horse racing and always attended vaudeville, he now began to frequent art exhibitions and grand opera.

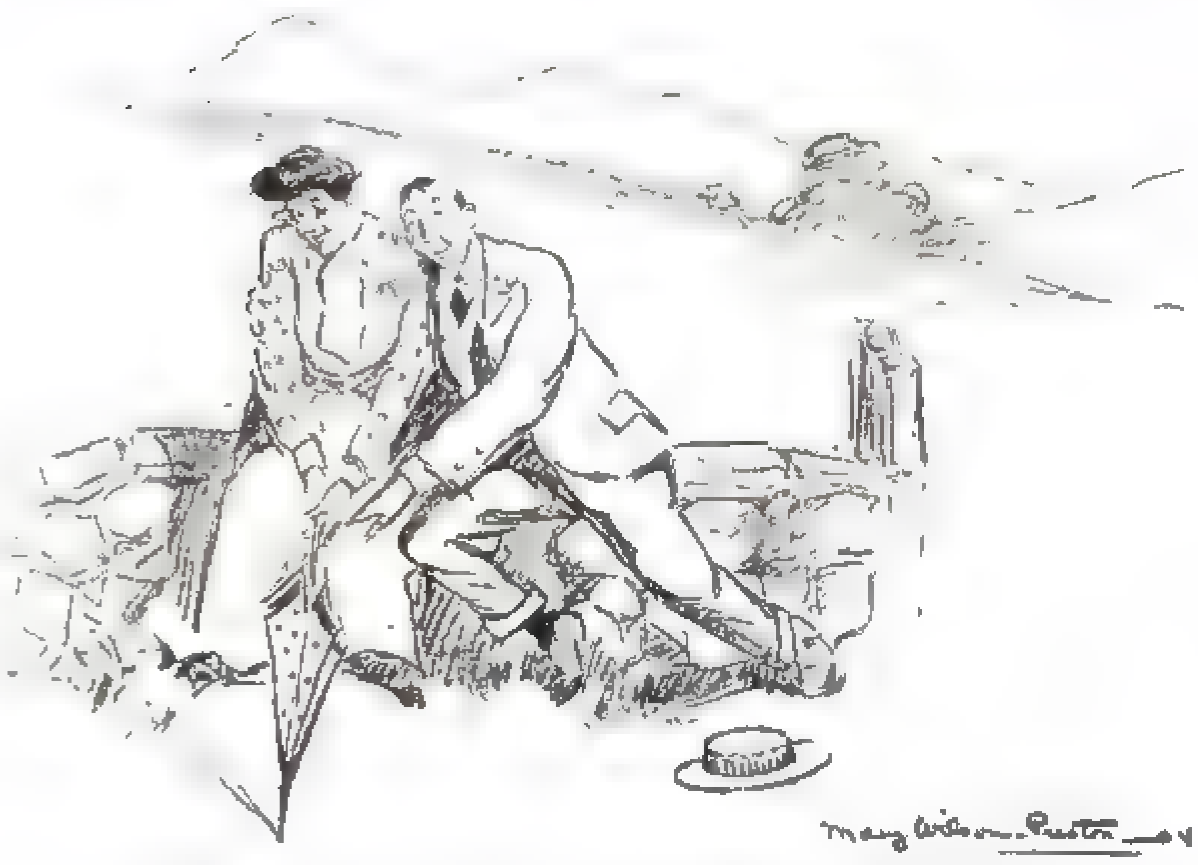
He grew more severe in his judgments, too, and the droll humor of his corpulent days changed to an incisive wit. Can it be a matter of wonder that this change took place in Jergens when we reflect that the very hat a man wears has an influence upon his character?

He met Miss Violet Smith again in the Berkshires. She was spending a couple of months there enjoying the cool summer weather, and he was there at the invitation of a friend of a year's standing, who offered him the advantages of the Country Club and its fine golf course. Mr. Stackpole, as he was now known, and Miss Smith were thrown together by Fate, which consigned them to the same boarding-house. They met evenings in the parlor, and, with the other boarders, played games; they went over the golf course together, and, finally, their friendship advanced so far that they took long trolley rides over the mountains and to the many small towns of historic interest roundabout. Mr. Stackpole recognized Miss Smith the moment he set eyes on her, and the fact that she was not conscious of ever having seen him before served as final confirmation of the ease and security he felt. Once, even, when he went with her to the local bank to get a check cashed, she related to him the Newark incident, and asked him with laughter

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as a fat villain before, Mr. Stackpole?"

Ernest W. Jergens, the fat, the dishonest, the coarse-fibred, the absconding, had dematerialized, was gone forever, was translated to another planet, and nothing now remained of him on earth save a dwindling memory of ill repute. Yet something of the Jergens nature remained, despite the influence of the æsthetic countenance in the mirror, for Mr. Stackpole remembered Miss Smith's reputation of heiress in a small way, and the thought strengthened his impression that she was an attractive girl. He made early inquiries before allowing his intimacy with her to advance too far, and learned that, by the death of an uncle, she had become an heiress indeed. He now regarded her as positively beautiful, and began to lay systematic siege to her affections. His judgment confirming his choice, he actually fell in love with her, a fact that greatly abetted his suit, for nothing appeals to a good woman's heart more than evident sincerity. And it was no difficult matter for any man to fall in love with Violet Smith, with her frank, charming ways, her girlish enthusiasm, her slender, graceful figure, her reddish-brown hair, brown eyes and long black eyelashes, her pretty, tip-tilted nose, her cheeks like ripe Maryland peaches. Mr. Stackpole did not win the lady at all easily, for she was in no haste to relinquish her freedom, but from the very first she felt him to be a dangerous suitor. His manners were engaging, and his smile, though sad, was positively beautiful. Then, too, there was about him an air of mystery, perceived by her keen feminine intuition, which added an element of romance to his other assets. He was interested in art, too, and could read poetry beautifully.

"The man must be all soul," she mused fondly; "why, he eats almost nothing at all."



ONE AFTERNOON IN AUGUST MISS SMITH AGREED TO LET MR. STACKPOLE CALL HER "VIOLET"

Which was quite true, so far as the eating was concerned, and it was also true that Mr. Stackpole was a constant patron of weighing machines, and when he found himself gaining he ate still less for a day or two.

One afternoon in August Miss Smith agreed to let Mr Stackpole call her "Violet," and she promised to become his in name as well as fact some time before Christmas. He felt a keen thrill of delight when, in addressing him a little later, she faltered out the word, "Jo—Jonas," and blushed prettily at her awkwardness.

The day after they went up Mount Tom together by trolley. In his new-found happiness as possessor of this attractive heiress he was almost boyish in his enjoyment of the day. He became enthusiastic over the magnificent view, one of the finest in the world; of shining streams, hamlets embowered in orchards, square fields green and plowed, and thrifty white farmhouses. They took luncheon in the café and Stackpole celebrated the happy event by eating double his ordinary allowance.

After luncheon they ascended to the telescope-room, and Mr. Stackpole spent considerable time gazing through one of these instruments, while his fiancée, who was not interested in them, wandered about the room. As he was thus employed Miss Smith gave a cry of astonishment and then burst into laughter.

"Oh, come here, Jonas!" she shrieked, and seizing him by the arm she pulled him across the room to a full-length mirror fixed in the wall. It was convex and made thin people look immensely fat.

Miss Smith gazed at the reflection in the mirror and the reflection gazed at her and its face turned pale. There, with his hat in his hand, stood Ernest W. Jergens, the broad Mr. Jergens, with the puffy cheeks, exactly in the attitude in which he had stood that day in the bank.

Miss Smith screamed and sunk half fainting upon a chair. Mr. Stackpole knew what was the matter, but his first thought was to brazen it out. Bending over the girl, he murmured:

"My darling, what is the matter? Are you ill? Tell me what I can do for you?"

She looked up at him and full recognition blazed from her eyes, complete confession kneeled in his.

"Go away, Jergens," she whispered with white lips. "Go away, quick! Quick!"

"I will at least—get—you—a glass—of—water," he faltered.

He went, and never came back.

* * *

Women, Burglars and Novelists

THE habitual reader of the newspapers must have been struck with the great increase of late in the number of women who put to flight burglars. The reports have been so numerous that the reader has come to have a confused notion that half the burglars in the country are in full flight, pursued by the "petulant pop" of the family pistol in the hands of a firm wife or daughter, while the other half of the fraternity have been thrown to the floor and are being sat on by a determined lady against the arrival of the police.

Of course woman has never been sympathetic toward the burglar. She has always regarded him as wholly bad. She has refused to admit that he might have his good qualities, especially in private life. It was a man who wrote:

> When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
>   When the cut-throat hisn't hoccupied in crime,
> Oh, he loves to hear the gentle brook a-gurgling
>   And listen to the simple village chime!

To the highwayman woman has always done justice; though a bold, bad man she has regarded him as less black than painted. Even the pirate has found a certain degree of sympathy in women, though on account, perhaps, of his notorious use of bad language she has always placed him on a lower level than the highwayman. Perhaps she has even found excuses for the humble pickpocket, though here, having no pocket to pick, she is clearly not competent to judge. But the burglar has never found the least shadow of favor in her eyes. He has come in the night, stealthily and unpicturesquely, in most unromantic garb, and he has carried off the silverware. Worse than this, the prosaic fellow has sometimes tested the silverware with acid and left it behind

But though woman has never cottoned to the burglar it is only recently that she seems to have set out to exterminate him. The men of the family may snuggle down in bed and declare that it is cats, but (according to the newspapers) the women rise up and pepper the intruder with lead or throttle him to the floor. Can it be possible that this is only part of the general strenuousness of the modern woman, and that it is brought about by the novelists? The heroine of the present-day novel is just the sort of a lady who could wing a burglar and never give the occurrence a second thought.

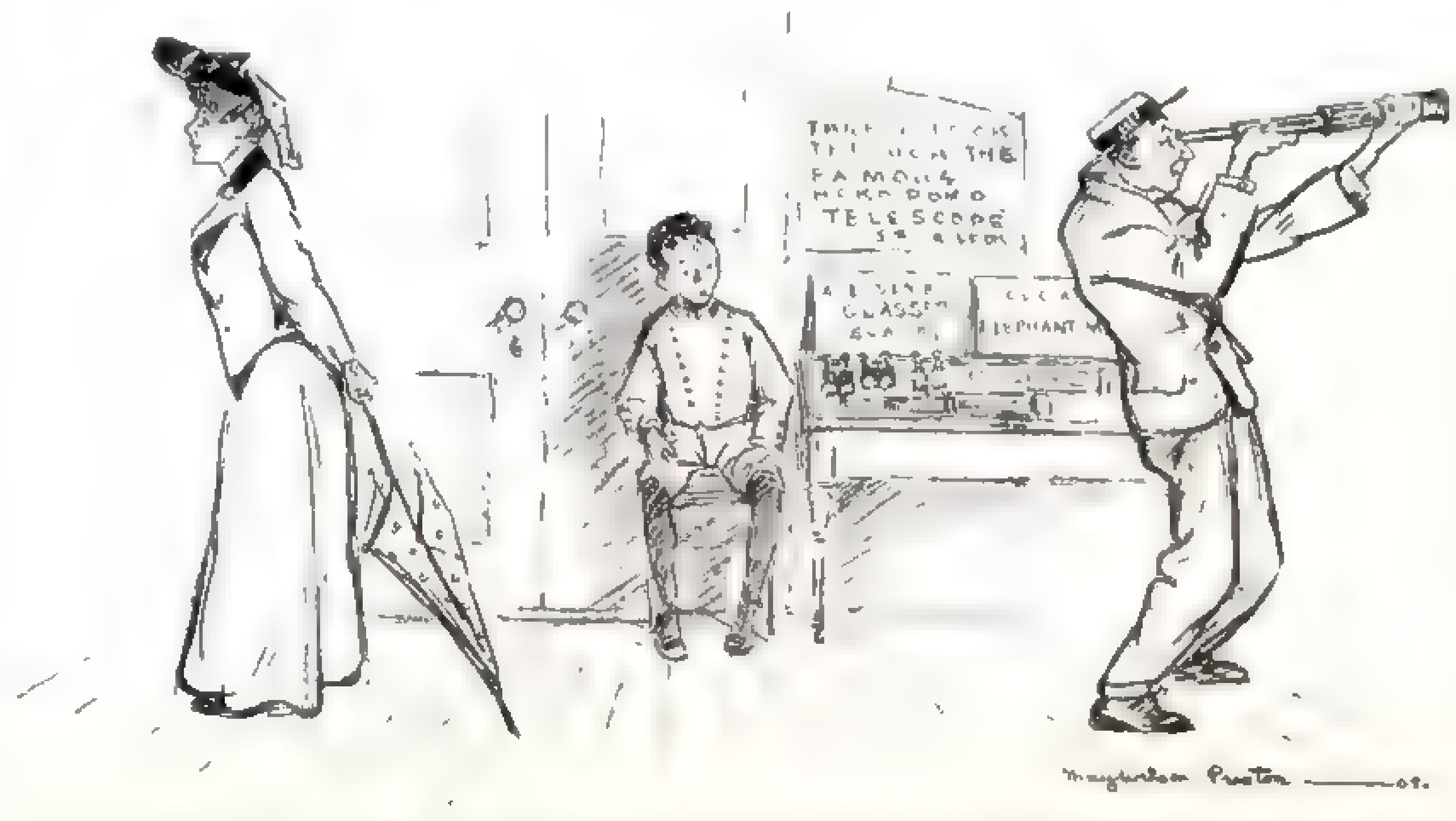
The modern heroine never faints.

She may "color slightly," sometimes we read that "her eyes fell," possibly she may "tap her boot impatiently on the rug," but there are no faints.

Foolish little Sophia Western swooned in every chapter. In some of the longer chapters she swooned twice. There were dark hints of a series of swoons between chapters. Careful readers of Tom Jones have calculated that Sophia must have spent one-third of her waking hours in swoons. But the modern heroine stands more chance of being hit by a meteorite than she does of swooning.

Perhaps it is not going too far to ascribe the change in women to the alteration in the heroines. Du Maurier is credited with adding several inches to the stature of Englishwomen. Before his advent she was short and plump, as may be seen by consulting the drawings of John Leech—though whether he drew her as she was or she became as he drew her it is now impossible to say. Then Du Maurier came, and in one stroke added six inches to her height; and the next thing the world knew she had acquired the additional inches and the artist was justified of his pencil. So the strenuous woman of the period may perhaps be traced directly to the robust non-swooning woman of the books. And the novelist is responsible for the destruction of the burglar.

Though one thought occurs: If women ever take up burglary where will be your little meeting between Greeks then?



MR. STACKPOLE SPENT CONSIDERABLE TIME GAZING THROUGH ONE OF THESE INSTRUMENTS

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

IV

THE lady made no pause whatever, and apparently was not at all surprised to find soldiers in the road ahead of her. She was not large, and yet she had a certain dignity of deportment. She was not youthful, neither was she old, but she was very grave looking, as if she had seen trouble or was expecting to see it. Under any other circumstances I should have paid small attention to her, but the situation was such that I was compelled to regard her with both interest and curiosity. Almost in a moment my curiosity took the shape of sympathy, for there was something in the pale face that commanded it

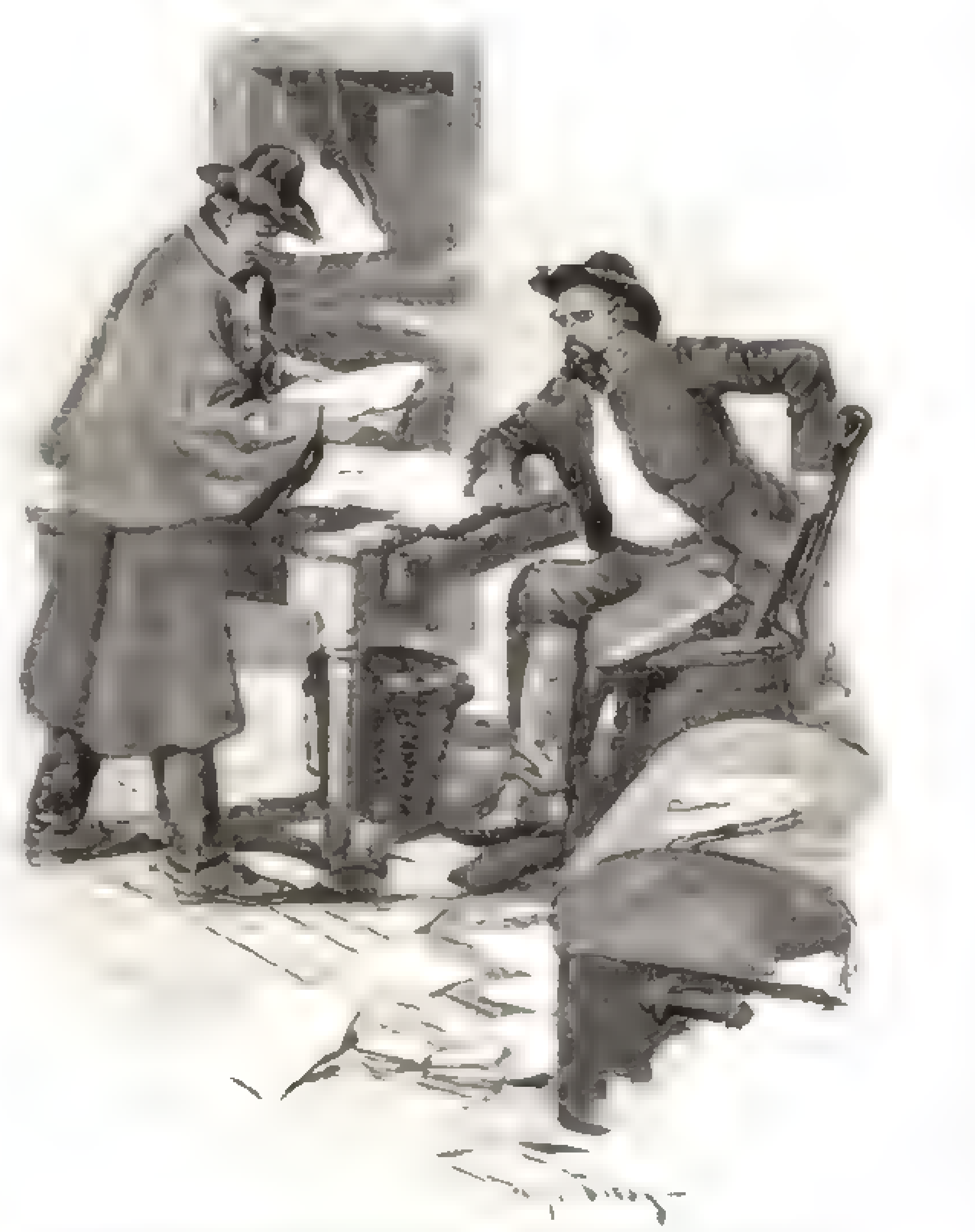
She was accompanied by a very clean-looking officer on horseback, and he, in turn, was followed by a small escort of cavalry—I did not take the trouble to count them, for my eyes were all for the lady; and it was left to Harry Herndon to realize the fact that we were in something of a pickle should the officer take advantage of the position in which he found us. He saw at once that our capture was a certainty unless we took prompt measures to provide against it, and he was quick to suggest that we adopt the tactics of Forrest and ride right at them if they made a display of hostilities. I had just time to shift my carbine to the front under my overcoat and loosen the flap of my holsters when the lady drove up. We raised our hats to the lady as she came up, and made way for her to pass.

But she did nothing of the sort. She brought her horse to a halt. "Good-morning," she said, as cool as a cucumber. "You can't deceive us with your blue overcoats; you are both rebels. Oh, I have heard more of you Southerners than can be found in the newspapers."

"I'm sure we had no thought of deceiving you," responded Harry with one of his engaging smiles. "We are from the South, and you are from the North, of course. It may be that we are well met."

"Oh, no! not this time. I have seen prisoners taken before," remarked the lady with a little smile

"Then you'll not flinch to see them taken again," said Harry very boldly. "But I shall regret to put you to any inconvenience."



"I WANT YOU TO CATCH THIS FELLOW AND FETCH HIM TO ME"

I think the confident air of Harry saved us considerable trouble at the moment; but while he was putting on a bold front and trembling in his shoes—as he told me afterward—I had my eyes on the lady. She looked at me once, and turned her face away; twice, and frowned; thrice, and blushed

"I was afraid at first that you were a prisoner," I remarked in a tone that was intended to be apologetic, but the lady calmly turned her head away and ignored me.

"To what command are you attached?" inquired the Federal officer very brusquely.

"We are serving under General Forrest," replied Harry.

"Why are you so far from your command?" the officer inquired with real curiosity. His tone was so puzzling that Harry hesitated an instant—but in that instant a detachment of Forrest's troopers came around the bend in the road.

"Are we indeed so very far from our command?" I inquired.

The troopers came rattling up, and the officer turned to the lady, somewhat ungraciously, I thought, with the remark that they had been led into an ambuscade.

This was so ridiculous that I laughed aloud, though I felt little like laughing. "What amuses you?" the lady asked in some surprise. "I am sure I can see nothing humorous in our situation."

"Perhaps you have heard ladies placed under such accusations before?" I suggested.

"Miss Ryder knows I meant no such thing," said the officer with some heat.

"Is this Miss Lucy Ryder?" I inquired.

"What do you know of Lucy Ryder?" the lady asked.

"I know she has a sister Jane," I answered, whereupon the lady blushed again. "And I have heard that Miss Jane doesn't like a friend of ours—a young fellow named Jack Bledsoe, who is greatly in need of sympathy at this time"

"I like him well enough to go on a wild-goose chase in search of him," the lady replied. "We had an idea that he had been left on the battlefield."

Harry, who had been consulting with our comrades who had just arrived, returned in time to overhear a part of this conversation. He fumbled in his pocket and finally produced Jack Bledsoe's note. He lifted his hat as he handed it to the lady. She read it very calmly, and then passed it to the Federal officer who had escorted her: "You see, I am justified in coming."

"We sat up with Jack last night, my friend and I," Harry remarked.

"Well, you know the Bible tells us to love our enemies," remarked the lady dryly

"It was an easy matter to carry out the commandment in this particular instance, for, with the exception of this gentleman here"—indicating me—"Jack Bledsoe is the dearest friend I ever had."

"I know you well enough," the lady remarked with a smile. "You are Harry Herndon, and your friend there is Carroll Shannon, and the negro is Whistling Jim. Why, I know your grandmother, although I have never seen her."

"That doesn't help us now. How are we to find Captain Bledsoe?" asked the officer. I could have slapped him for the tone he employed

"It is all provided for," replied Harry Herndon curtly. "All you have to do is to hold on to the pommel of your saddle. There is a non-combatant here who will guide you. Bill!"

"I'm a-lis'nin' at ye," responded the guide from the bushes

"This is one of the natives," Harry explained. "His wife is taking care of Jack Bledsoe and he will have no difficulty whatever in showing you the way."

The officer thanked us ungraciously, though why he took that attitude I was unable to discover, and we were on the point of joining our comrades when the lady remarked, "You'll probably know me again when you see me, Mr. Carroll Shannon!" This was a rebuke, I knew, and it upset me not a little, but there was something in the tone of her voice that sounded like a challenge, and I remarked that I should be sure to know her. "Then call my attention to the fact when you next see me," she cried as she touched up her horse

"With great pleasure," I answered, raising my hat, and with that we were off to join our waiting comrades. It seemed that General Forrest was somewhat concerned for our safety, knowing that the country was strange to us, and he had sent William Forrest's company of Independents to watch the road for us so that we might come to no harm. While engaged in carrying out this order they saw the lady and her escort far ahead of them, and a detachment was sent to investigate, the rest of the company remaining to see whether other Federals would follow. Thus they came upon us in the very nick of time, for I judge that the Federal officer would have held us prisoners, in spite of the information we had for him, for he was very gruff and surly.

We reached the recruiting camp at Murfreesborough without further incident, and Harry and I soon settled down to the routine of duties that fell to our share. Harry served General Forrest temporarily as a courier, while I was billeted with Captain Bill Forrest's company of Independents, sometimes known as the Forty Thieves, owing to their ability as foragers.

I had time to ramble about in the woods, and I took advantage of it to explore the whole countryside in the neighborhood of the camp. Returning one day from a ride that was partly on business and partly on pleasure, I was informed that General Forrest had sent for me. When I responded to his summons he was reading a late copy of the Chattanooga Rebel, and was evidently much interested in what he read. He handed the paper to me when he had finished, and pointed out an article that was printed under a great display of black type.

A Federal scout, Leroy by name, and well known in both armies (so the newspaper said), had entered General Bragg's lines under very peculiar circumstances and had then managed to escape. Two pickets had been found bound and gagged. The whole story appeared to be absurd.

It was stated, among other things, that the scout intended to turn his attention to Forrest The General placed his finger on this part of the article and said he wanted me to take the matter in hand. I inquired how the correspondent knew the intentions of the scout.

"Why, he guessed 'em," replied General Forrest, "and he guessed right, too. I've got information from one of my men who is thick with the Yankees that this chap will soon be nosing around here, and I want to give him the worth of his money. I don't want the other side to know how many men I've got, and I don't want 'em to know that my superior officer has refused to honor my requisition for arms and horses. I'd cut a purty figure with the Yankees if they know'd that some of my men had muskets that were used in the Revolutionary War. If they found this out I'd never whip another fight. And there's another thing: I don't want to have it said that any Yankee scout can stick his nose in my camp and not git it pulled That's why I sent for you; I want you to catch this fellow and fetch him to me."

I tried hard to get out of the difficulty. I protested that I didn't know the scout from a side of sole leather. But the General said that this was one of his reasons for detailing me to perform this duty. He said he would have given it to Jasper Goodrum, of the Independents, but everybody in Tennessee knew Goodrum.

"He was born and raised around here," the General said, "and he's got a tongue like a bell-clapper. Now, you're not much of a talker, and your face gives you the look of a big baby that has got out of its mammy's yard and don't know how to git back." I suppose I must have turned red under this back-handed compliment, for he went on. "I wish I had a thousand like you. I watched you that day on the hill and at the river, and you may put it down that I'll trust you anywhere"

I tried to thank the General for his confidence, but he stayed me by a gesture. He settled all the details that could be thought of beforehand, and, as I turned to go, he rose from his chair and followed me to the door. "If you have to shoot that fellow," he said, "do it and don't wait too long before you do it; and if you have to shoot two or three men, don't let that stand in your way—charge 'em up to me. But you must catch that fellow; I want to string him up just to show the balance of 'em that they can't fool with me"

As everything had been arranged to my hand I was soon going about the camp and the town arrayed in jeans clothes and looking like anything but a soldier. I had thought to surprise Whistling Jim, the negro, with my garb, but, as it turned out, the surprise was mine, for that night, when I went to see whether the horses had been properly groomed and fed, I found the door of the stable where they were kept unlocked. I was not only surprised but irritated. Both Harry Herndon and myself had tried hard to impress the negro with the necessity of taking unusual precautions to secure the safety of the horses, for they had attracted the attention of the whole camp, which was full of questionable characters, some of whom would have answered to their names if Falstaff had appeared to call the roll of his ragamuffins.

The key had been turned in the lock, but the bolt of the lock had failed to catch in the socket. It was plain that he thought he had locked the door, but it was quite as plain that he had been careless, and I made a resolution then and there to look after the safety of the horses myself. I swallowed more than half of my irritation when I found that the horses were in their stalls, warmly blanketed, and an abundance of food before them, and I was on the point of locking the door with my own key when I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. There were two men, civilians, as I judged, and their conversation was of a nature to interest me

They paused near the door of the stable. "This is the place where they keep them," remarked one of the men. "They are the finest horses in the rebel army, and it would be a good job to run them into the Union lines some fine night. I know a man that would pay a cracking good price for them."

"But the nigger sleeps in there with 'em," said the other man, "and what are you going to do about him?"

"That's as easy as picking up rocks in the road. A nigger will sell his immortal soul for ten dollars, and I'll git him to leave the door open some night when he's got a job of jiggering on the peanner and whistling with his mouth at the tavern in the woods."

"But that's horse-stealing."

"No, it ain't; it's turn and turn about How many horses has old Forrest took from the loyal citizens of Tennessee? You couldn't count 'em if you was to try. I'll give you three hundred dollars for them three horses delivered at my brother's house—three hundred dollars in gold—and you'll have two men to help you"

"An' whilst I'm a-gittin' the horses, what'll you be doing?"

"Ain't I told you?" answered the man with some display of irritation. "I'll be putting up the money, the cold cash. What more do you want? I've always heard that good money is good enough for anybody."

They passed on, and I slipped from the stable, taking care to lock the door behind me, and followed them

V

I HAVE never spent a more disagreeable hour than that which passed while I was engaged in following the two men for the purpose of identifying them. The weather was cold and the night dark, and there were little showers of sleet. The two left the town proper and turned into a byway that I had traveled many times in my rambles in the countryside. I knew that it led to a house that had been built for a suburban home, but now, in the crowded condition of the town, was used as a tavern. It had attracted the suspicion of General Forrest and I knew that he had placed it under the surveillance of the Independents. It was a very orderly public house, however, and nothing had ever occurred there to justify the suspicions of the General.

The two men I followed could have reached their destination in less than twenty minutes if they had gone forward with the briskness that the weather justified; but there was an argument of some kind between them—I judged that one of the men had no stomach for the part he was to play as a horse-thief. At any rate, there was a dispute of some kind, and they stopped on the road at least half a dozen times to have it out. One point settled, another would arise before they had gone far, and then they would stop again; and at last, so dark did the wood become, and so low their conversation grew, that I passed within three feet of them and never knew it until it was too late to betray the astonishment I naturally felt.

I simply jogged along the path and pretended that I had not seen them. I went along briskly, and in a few minutes came to the tavern. The door was shut, the weather being cold, but I knew by the lights shining through the windows that a hospitable fire was burning on the hearth. There was no need to knock at the door. I heard the jangling piano playing an accompaniment to the flutelike whistling of Harry Herndon's negro. Remembering his carelessness, I felt like going into the tavern and giving him a frailing. The inclination was so strong that I held my hand on the doorknob until the first flush of anger had subsided. It was a very fortunate thing for me, as it turned out, that Whistling Jim was present, but at the moment the turn of a hair would have caused me to justify much that the people of the North have said in regard to the cruelty of Southerners to the negro.

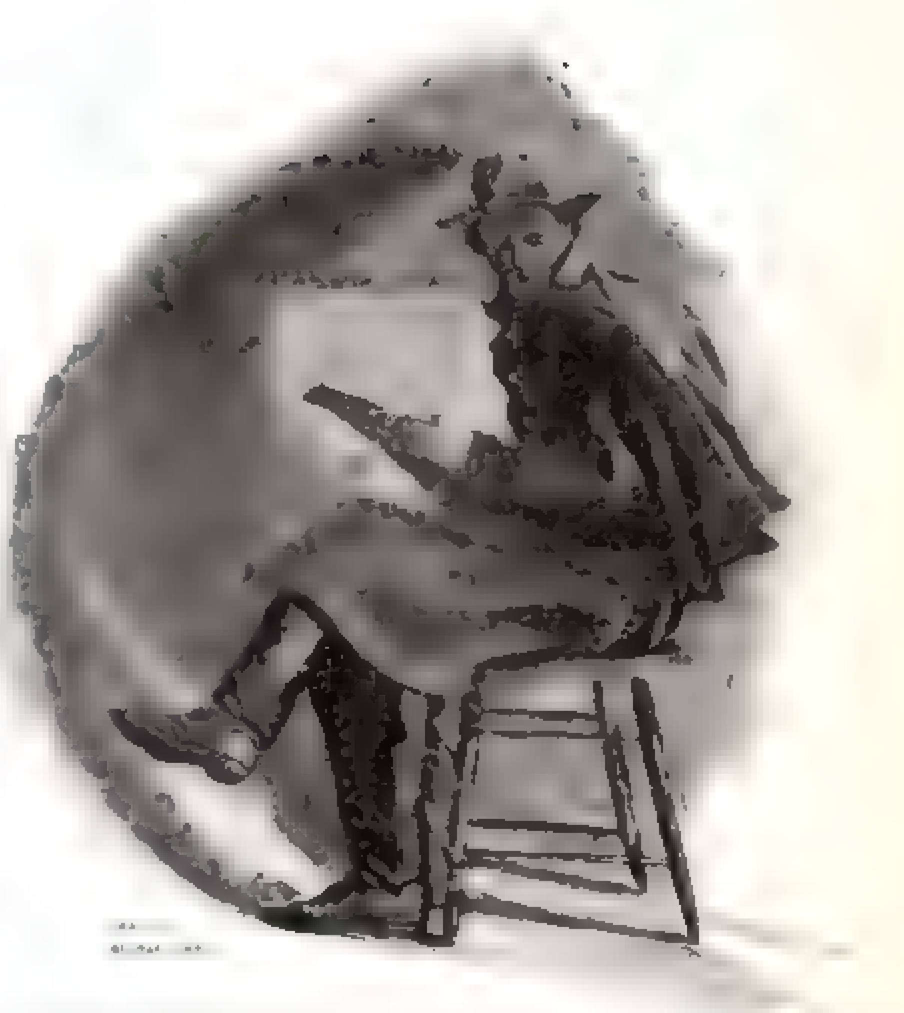
The guests and visitors—and there were quite a number—made room for me at the fire, the landlord provided me with a chair and welcomed me very heartily, taking it for granted that I was from the country and would want a bed for the night. On the wide hearth a very cheerful fire burned, and the place reminded me somehow of home—particularly a big rocking-chair in which one of the guests was seated It had an upholstered seat and back, and the high arms were made more comfortable by a covering of the same material It was a fac-simile of a chair that we had at home, and I longed to occupy it, if only for the sake of old times.

Among those who were taking their ease at this suburban inn was Jasper Goodrum, one of my comrades. He was a noted scout as well as a seasoned soldier. He looked at me hard as I entered, and continued to watch me furtively for some time, and then his face cleared up and I knew that he had recognized me. He was in civilian's clothes, and I knew by that that he did not care to be recognised. So I turned my attention elsewhere. But in a little while he seemed to have changed his mind, and, suddenly rising from his chair, came to me with outstretched hand

It was a mixed company around the fire. There was a big Irishman, who leaned calmly back in a small chair and smoked a short pipe More than once I caught his bright eyes studying my face, but his smile was ample apology for his seeming rudeness. He was as handsome a man as I had ever seen, and if I had been searching for a friend in an emergency I should have selected him out of a thousand

There was a short-haired man who was built like a prize-fighter. He wore a sarcastic smile on his face, and his shifty eyes seemed to be constantly looking for a resting-place. He had a thick neck and a jaw like a bulldog. I marked him down in my mental notebook as dangerous. There was a tall and pious-looking man, and two or three civilians who had no particular points about them; and then there was a burly man, who sat with his hands in his pockets and did nothing but chew tobacco and gaze into the fire, uttering not one word until some of the company fell to discussing Captain Leroy, the famous Union scout. When Leroy's name was mentioned the burly man was quick to join in the conversation.

"There ain't a word of truth in all this stuff you hear about Leroy," he said, and his manner was more emphatic than the occasion seemed to demand. "He's in the newspapers, and he ain't anywhere else on top of the ground. I know what I'm a-talking about Leroy is the invention of Franc Paul, of the Chattanooga Rebel. He as good as told me so. He said that when he wanted to stir up talk and create a sensation he had something written about this Captain Frank Leroy. He's a paper man and he's able to do anything the newspapers want done."


THE YOUNGSTER CLUTCHED HIS PAPER IN HIS HAND AND TURNED IN HIS CHAIR

"You talk like you had gray hair," said the man that looked like a prize-fighter; "but you're givin' way a mighty big secret. What are you doin' it for? Say!"

"Oh, because I'm tired of all this rot about a man that doesn't live outside of the mind of a newspaper man."

The big Irishman, who had been smoking and watching me with a shrewd smile hovering about his mouth, began to chuckle audibly. He kept it up so long that it attracted the attention of the company.

"What tickles you, my friend?" the burly man asked

"Maybe ye know Franc Paul?" he inquired. His countenance was an interrogation point. The man answered somewhat sullenly in the affirmative. "Is there anny rissimblance bechune him an' me?"

"Not the slightest in the world," the man answered.

"Thin ye'd have a quarrel wit' his wife an' she'd have all the advantages," said the Irishman with a laugh. "F'r no longer than the last time I was at Chattanooga, Missus Paul says, 'It's a good thing, Mr. O'Halloran,' she says, 'that ye're a hair's breadth taller than me beloved husband,' she says, 'or I'd niver tell ye apart. Only the sharp eyes av a wife or a mither,' she says, 'could pick out me husband if he stood be your side,' she says."

"I must say," remarked the pious-looking man, "that you gentlemen were never more mistaken in your lives when you hint that there is no such person as Frank Leroy. I knew him when he was a boy—a beardless boy, as you may say. In fact, his father was my next-door neighbor in Knoxville, and I used to see Frank reading old Brownlow's paper."

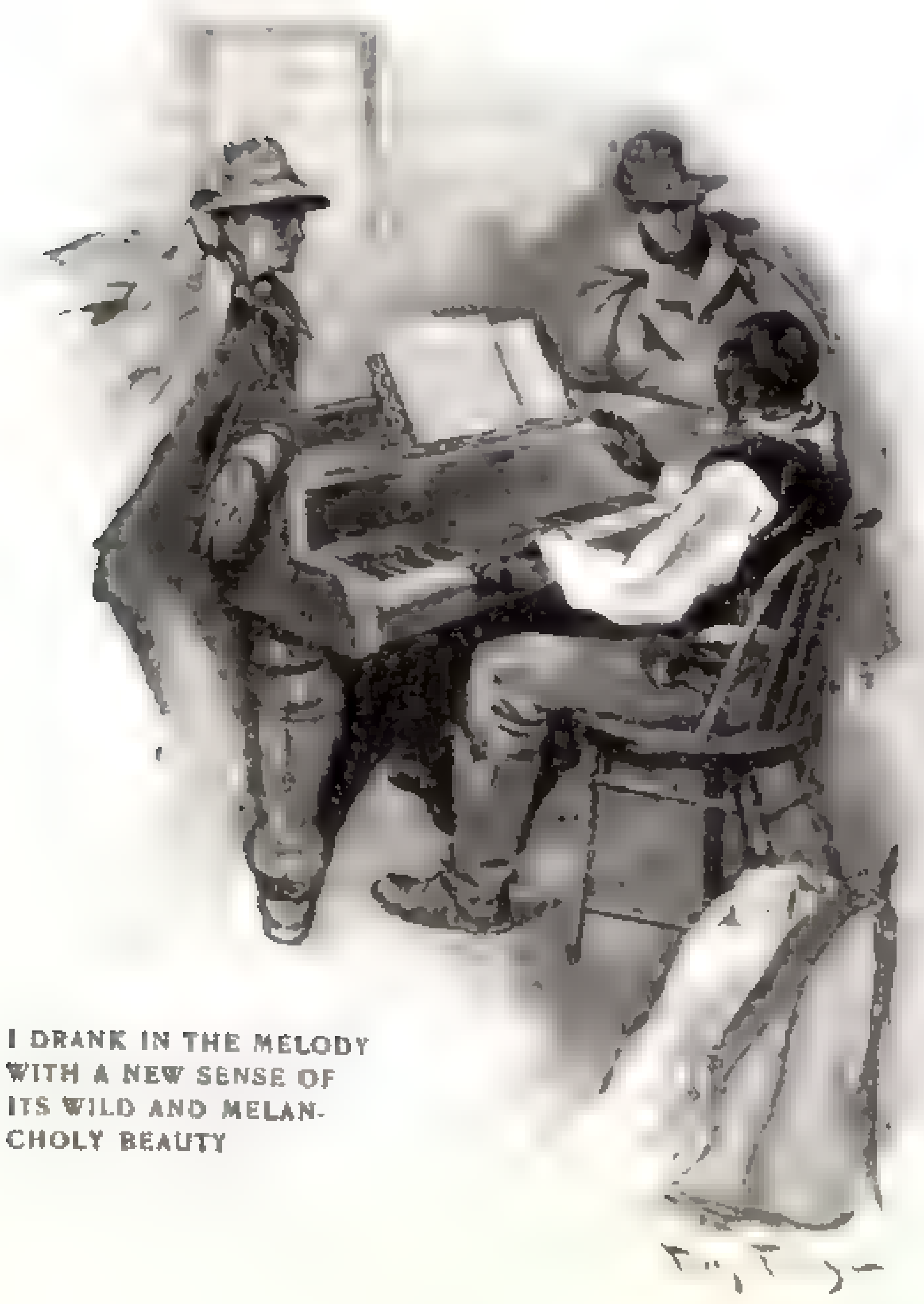
"Don't think ut!" replied the Irishman, and with that all joined in the conversation, and I heard more of the perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes of Captain Frank Leroy than you could put in a book. It seemed that his identity was a mystery, but he was none the less a hero in men's minds because his very existence had been called in question; for people will hug delusions to their bosoms in the face of religion itself, as we all know.

The door of an inner room was open and I could hear a conversation going on. I recognized among the participants the voice of the man who had proposed to have our horses stolen, and at a moment when I thought that my movements would attract no attention I took advantage of the freedom of a public house and sauntered aimlessly into the room as if I had no particular business there. I saw with surprise that the chap who had proposed to steal the horses was one of the merchants of the town at whose store I had occasionally traded. In the far end of the room, reading a newspaper by the light of a small fire, sat a slip of a youth. He wore a military cloak that covered his figure from his neck to his top-boots.

I saw that he was not so absorbed in the paper that he failed to make a note of my presence in the room, and he shifted himself around in his chair so that he could get a better view of me and still leave his face in the shadow. Near him sat a motherly-looking woman of forty. She was well-preserved for her age, and wore a smile on her face that was good to look at. The youngster said something to her in a low tone, and she immediately turned her attention to me. Some other words passed between the two, then the woman beckoned to me. I obeyed the summons with alacrity, for I liked her face.

"You seem to be lonely," she said. "Have a seat by our little fire. This is not a guest-room, but we have been so overrun lately that we have had to turn it over to the public." She paused a moment and then went on: "You are over-young to be in the army," she suggested.

She had turned so that she looked me full in the face, and there was a kindly, nay, a generous light in her eyes, and I


I DRANK IN THE MELODY WITH A NEW SENSE OF ITS WILD AND MELANCHOLY BEAUTY

could no more have lied to her in the matter than I could have lied to my own mother if she had been alive. "I do not have a very hard time in the army," I replied

"No, I suppose not," she remarked. "You are one to make friends wherever you go. Few are so fortunate; I have known only one or two "

There was a touch of sadness in her tones that touched me profoundly. The cause I can't explain, and the effect was beyond description. I hesitated before making any reply, and when I did I tried to turn it off lightly. "I never saw but one," I answered, "on whom I desired to make an impression."

"And who was that?" the woman inquired with a bright smile of sympathy.

"You will think it a piece of foolishness," I replied, "but it was a lady riding in a top-buggy. I had never seen her before and never expect to see her again."

The youngster clutched his paper in his hand and turned in his chair. "The light is detestable," he said. "Please throw on a piece of pine, mother."

"You can't read by such a light," the woman replied. "Put your paper in your pocket and read it to-morrow " Then she turned to me. "If you are in the army," she said, "why do you wear such clothes? They are not becoming at all." She had such a kindly smile and betrayed such a friendly interest that it was not in human nature to suspect her — at least, it was not in my nature to do so.

"Why, mainly for comfort," I answered; "and while I am wearing them I am having my uniform, such as it is, furbished up and cleaned a bit. I have a few days' leave, and I am taking advantage of it in this way."

"I wish my son here would take advantage of his short furlough to wear the clothes he used to wear," she remarked, and her tone was so significant that I could but regard her with a look of inquiry I suppose the puzzled expression of my face must have amused her for she laughed heartily, while the son, as if resenting his mother's words, arose and swaggered to the other end of the room

We had more conversation, and then I went back into the public room. Some of the guests had retired, but their places had been taken by others, and there was a goodly company gathered around the fire. I found the big armchair unoccupied, and, seating myself on its comfortable cushion soon forgot the wonder I had felt that the woman in the next room had known me for a soldier. I had accomplished one thing — the identification of the prospective horse-thief — and I satisfied myself with that. As for Leroy, I knew I should have to trust to some stroke of good fortune to find him.

The comfort of the rocker appealed to me, and, with my hands on its arms, I leaned back and, in spite of the talking all around me, was soon lost in reflection. Through long usage the upholstering on the arms of the chair had become worn, and in places the tufts of moss or horsehair were showing. I fell to fingering these with the same impulse of thoughtlessness that induces people to bite their finger-nails Suddenly I felt my finger in contact with a small roll of paper that had been carefully pushed under the leather, and then I remembered that the last occupant of the chair was the short haired man — the man who had the general appearance of a prize-fighter.

Now, it had occurred to me in a dim way that this man might be identical with Leroy, and I suspected that he had left in the chair a communication for some of his accomplices. I determined to transfer the roll of paper to my pocket and examine it at my leisure. But no sooner had I come to this determination than I imagined that every person in the room had his eyes fixed on me. And then the problem, if you can call it so, was solved for me

A stranger who had evidently arrived while I was in the next room appeared to be regarding Whistling Jim with some curiosity and presently spoke to him, inquiring if he was the negro that played on the piano. The darky replied that he could "sorter" play. "If you are Whistling Jim," I said, "play us a plantation tune. I heard a man say the other day that the finest tune he ever heard was one you played for him. It was something about 'My gal's sweet.'"

The negro looked at me hard, but something in my countenance must have conveyed a warning to him. "I 'member de man, suh; he say he wuz fum Cincinnati, an' he gun me a fi' dollar bill — a green one."

Without more ado he went to the piano and plunged into the heart breaking melody of —

Yo' gal's a neat gal, but my gal's sweet —
  Sweet-a little, sweet-a-little, sweet, sweet, sweet'
Fum de crown er her head ter de soles er her feet —
  Feet-a-little, feet-a-little, feet, feet, feet!

Naturally all eyes were turned on the performer, and I took advantage of that fact to rise from the rocking-chair with the roll of paper safe in my pocket, and saunter across the room in the direction of the piano. Leaning against a corner of the ramshackle old instrument I drank in the melody with a new sense of its wild and melancholy beauty. The room in which I stood seemed transformed into what it never could be, and the old piano shed its discord and was glorified by the marvelous playing of the negro

The foolish little song runs along for several stanzas, simulating the sound of dancing feet. Alternately the negro sang the air and whistled the chorus, but whether he did one

(Continued on Page 28,

The Political Promotion of Mr. Parker

By

Alfred Henry Lewis

NOW, when I should have been writing of Mr. Gorman and Mr. Parker and how circumstances are filing at the edges of their White House hopes and fears, I've been wasting thirty minutes staring from a Shoreham window at the snow. A snowstorm is as hypnotic as the sea; it holds one like a strain of music. The present is a white downfall of unusual excellence, and within the hour has covered Washington with its cold, ghostly plush to the depth of full four inches Nor is the end yet; the air is a swirling flurry of flakes, each as big and as soft as a baby's hand. (This last is stolen from Charles Reade, with a word shifted, to the end that it be improved and the title transferred to me.) However, one cannot live by snow alone; there be things to consider other than snowstorms, wherefore let me to this Gorman-Parker gear.

Yesterday I wrote a letter to a young gentleman who appealed, via the mails, for advice. The subject upon which he came seeking light was literature and how to produce it. Not caring to disclose my own blinded condition, I boldly declared that literature was no more than so much bricklaying with words. Some graceful, fortunate folk build cathedrals and palaces; others, more humble, build stables and switch-shanties. Still others, like the fellows who write for encyclopædias, build cold storage structures wherein the dead facts are put away on ice, for the behoof of starved necessity. Also, I set forth how there were but three ways wherein one might seek a literary eminence. One must either write old things in a new way, or new things in an old way, or new things in a new way. Particularly, must one not write old things in an old way; to do so was to fail as utterly as though one sought to make a fire with ashes.

Since I mailed the inquiring one his letter I've thought of another demand of the writer's art. His inclination should be as thoroughly trained as a hunting hawk. Yes, indeed; your writer's inclination should be trained to perch on the wrist of his employment, ready to fly at heron or partridge or duck at the behest of the managing editor. Your writer should be able at a word to unhood and cast off his inclination, falcon-like, at whatever topic matched those columns it had become his task to fill. And then, with call and lure, he should be equally able to bring it again to wrist. I insert the above, trusting that my correspondent will see; and, seeing, that he will add it to those words of gold I sent him* under stamp.

I often wonder how it would feel to write on what topic best dovetailed with one's fancy! In such unbridled case, one might now consider himself in midsummer, even in the teeth of the snow outside; one might stroll, pen in hand, through country lanes, a rank of elms on either side, and whistle answers to the whistled queries of the meadow-lark and quail.

And yet there is shrewd chance that in such free case nobody, save the printer and him of the proofsheets, would read one's production. A man's freest work is frequently his worst. Perhaps it is best to have a manager — as it were, a sagacious editor to lead one to the end of a row of corn — Mr. Gorman and Mr. Parker in this instance — and, stuffing a pencil in one's fist, cry:

"Hoe it!"

The Political Pavilion on the Links

WHEN in distant days I roamed the Texas Panhandle and punched, professionally, the casual cow, meanwhile thinking with respect on that Young Lochinvar whose very sensible migration was celebrated by Walter Scott, I noted here and there about the scene certain conical hillocks or mountainettes of sand. The best of these might have shown a height of two hundred and fifty feet.

These dwarf sand fountains were the work of the wind. Given a right direction, the wind in its sand-drifting would build one almost before your eyes. That sand pile would grow as a stocking grows beneath the clicking needles of a housewife

Again, the wind, reversing in its dance, would unravel the sand mountain and carry it away, powdering it over the plain. That sand-cone would disappear, and its site be swept as flatly clean as a threshing-floor.

Four weeks ago, on the arid deserts of Democracy, Mr. Gorman lifted a tallest head of all who think on themselves for a Presidential nomination in St. Louis next July Comparing him with what other sand-cones of political ambition upreared themselves about him, I should have given it as my belief that his chances of being set to lead his party's battle were hugely better than those of any other man. I should have said this when placing his prospects side by side with those of Mr. Parker, who, when the last and serious word is said, was and is his only competitor.

Ninety-five per cent. of Capital prophecy pointed at that time to Mr. Gorman. Peculiarly was his the favorite name with the South. The South is a country of magnolias and mosses and mocking-birds. Also it is the home of gratitude Its people bore Mr. Gorman on their memories and in their hearts for that he long ago bucklered them against the Force bill. Now there is a difference. That situation of weeks ago has altered. Those south winds that builded the imposing candidacy of Mr. Gorman shifted. Nor was that shifting without visible effect. He shrunk from a certainty to a probability in a day. In another, from a probability he shriveled to a possibility. It was "Mr. Gorman, sure!" it has become "Mr. Gorman, maybe!" And all in a quartette of weeks! Another month, and at this rate Mr. Gorman as a White House factor will have been wholly eliminated and made to vanish away

The wind that builded Mr. Gorman was, as has been stated, his attitude on the Force bill and that Southern gratitude invoked thereby. The wind that has undone him and reduced him to one fourth a former eminence is his attitude on Panama and the canal and the Southern opposition it has engendered. The South has gone for the Isthmian Canal like a landslide. Mr. Gorman, badly reading the general mind, did not foresee this. He took early occasion, and denounced the President's Panama policy, and the canal to be the consequence, as both a moral and a legal wrong Nor can he now retreat. As a result, the South, which was to have been as Mr. Gorman's hold of convention strength, has cast him out. Politically, he stands as lonely as was King Lear when that unfortunate monarch had given all to his daughters.

It was not so much from Senators that I heard these lonesome things, albeit the whisper thereof was loud and persistent among those sages. Rather the news was given me by what National Committeemen of the Democracy were recently in Washington to pitch upon a convention day and place. These party agents wore brows of gloom when Mr. Gorman's name came up; and if taken one by one into the privacy of a corner they made no secret of our Marylander's waning chances.

And I had thought his nomination fixed of Fate!

It would surely appear as though there were a fatality enveloping a Senate seat! Once your ambitious soul is made Senator the door seems closed and bolted against anything else. The Senate, politically, resembles that city of the living dead, which Kipling tells of, surrounded by unclimbable sand walls, and from which there is no escape.

There were other matters, however, reported by those invading committeemen which make these Panama unpopularities of Mr. Gorman the less important. It is to be doubted, in the face of recent party expressions, if Mr. Gorman could have had the nomination even though he were in the fullest feather of popularity. I talked with the Cowherds and the Stones of Missouri, the McGanns and the Barretts of Illinois, the Shivelies and the Taggarts of Indiana, the Allens of Mississippi, the Williamses of Massachusetts, and what others were assembled from every Democratic corner of the land. I was given but the one word for it, a word in which all agreed. Not one was found to challenge or to qualify it. The whole convention will go headlong for any whom the New York delegation may select. It was like a promise. With a single voice they turned candidate-making, platform-building, and money finding over to New York. In her lap, for good or ill, was chucked the making of this year's story of the Democracy. It was for New York to name the man and frame the issue; no other State cared even to make suggestion. Thus spake my committeemen.

Never before was it so unanimously given one commonwealth to furnish forth unchecked the destinies of the party at large. But so it was, and so it is; and if one might reckon from the demeanor of the McCarrens, the Murphys, the Van Wycks, the Connorses, the Campbells and the Macks, present in the picture from New York, there was never a wrinkle of hesitation in accepting both the honor and the responsibility.

It may be taken as concluded by virtue of what I heard that whosoever is the choice of New York will become the selection, without dissenting murmur, of the whole convention. New York will be given free hand; and this is upon the argument that in such fashion and such only can the State be taken from the Republicans.

Recurring, then, to Mr. Gorman, it will be observed that his falling away in the South is, after all, of a lesser consequence than it might have been. Still, it is his downfall. Even though it be granted New York to pick the man, the South, were it rampant for Mr. Gorman, would have exerted in his favor that moral pressure which ever belongs with a great region and is no more absent from politics than from other transactions of life. Mr. Gorman, would he now succeed, must be the solid presentation of New York; and his last hope of such distinction dies when a lukewarm South retires from his support.

And yet, why should there be a surprise? One way or another, the Gorman sort of man has always failed. Mr. Gorman spins his web too fine. Moreover, he lacks in decision and in the element of force. He intrigues by the chapter and executes by the line. Now, if one with mortar and pestle might only bray Mr. Gorman and Mr. Hill into one conglomerate personality, what a thunderbolt of political war would be the result! The man of stealth and woolfoot midnight cunning does well in Italy, or Spain, or along either coast of the Mediterranean; but there is no record of his triumph among the Danes. With the Norsemen one must conquer as Harold Fairhair conquered, though his plot be blunt, if his ax be sharp he goes through well enough.

On whom will New York decide? Already there arises a mighty hubbub. A nomination for the Presidency is like a lighthouse, attractive to all manner of queer fowls of the night. One may already hear many New York names. One will hear many more as time ripens new ambitions which are as yet in the seed.

Some of these volunteers for glory pursue that nomination by methods strange and ways fantastic. There are those who, in their ignorance of men and the reasons of men's actions, look upon a convention or a party as they might look upon a swarm of bees, and think they have but to blow a tin horn loud enough, or beat a tinpan long enough, and they are sure to hive it according to their wish. It is these who will furnish the comedy element of the campaign, or rather, the element of farce; it is upon them one must depend for laughter as the sweating work proceeds.

Again, there are those legitimate enough, but small, like Mr. McClellan, who, puffed of recent victory over a City Hall, cannot now refrain from toy-ballooning for a White House. Mr. Murphy is Mr. McClellan's sponsor and stands by that young gentleman in his ambitions — ambitions that find their parallel in an infant's ambition to possess the moon. Mr. Murphy would have you think he urges the name of Mr. Cleveland. This is the stratagem of Mr. Murphy, who employs the name of our ex-President as a cover for Mr. McClellan. Mr. Murphy shows a certain broad sagacity in this. The name of Mr. Cleveland surely makes a cover for Mr. McClellan, say what sour ones invidiously will! Indeed, it is as though one enveloped an ardent, buzzful bluebottle in the great robe of a grizzly bear.

Without claiming that New York is better — and thereby to court an argument — I am safe in saying that New York is different from any other town. Comparatively, it has fewer homes. It has fewer schools and more bookless, untaught children growing up in darkness. It has an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar speedway on which millionaires may breathe their trotters, and spends more money than does any other city in relief of the outdoor rich. It has more murders and more divorces. It challenges Lycurgus and her Spartans in a social hardihood; and it is in New York and in New York alone that one may see the husband-who-was present the husband-who-will-be to the husband-who-is. Also, it has for long been the New York habit to express any deep conviction with a dinner. It was therefore in nature when that handful who have Mr. McClellan's Presidential prospects to nurse gave recently a banquet in that gentleman's graceful honor.

Uncle Abner on Dancing

By Nixon Waterman

Since I've been in the city here a-livin' with my son
I've figgered out that folks in town don't never have no fun.
Their swell "sorays" they talk about would never do for me;
They ain't much like the good old times the young folks used to see.
These town crowds are so proper-like and so polite; I s'pose
They like to get together jest to show their purty clothes;
But as for me, well, jiminy! if I jest had the chance
I'd like to spend an evenin' at an old-time country dance:
"Salute your partners; eyes all bright;
Gents in a huddle; ladies to the right,
Four to two and two come down;
Lady in the centre and five hands roun';
Ladies swing out and gents swing in;
Five — up — and go it ag'in;
Gents in a canter; ladies in the shade;
Balance to your partners; all promenade!"

We used to get together in the candles' waverin' light
And gayly swing our partners until way into the night.
There wasn't none of what you'd call this highfalutin style,
But everybody waded in for pleasure all the while.
You take a dozen country girls and jest as many boys
And set 'em all a-dancin' and there's bound to be a noise;
And so the fiddle had to sing its notes so loud and clear
The good old stirrin' music's still a-ringin' in my ear.
"Ladies sashay; gents keep still;
Gents in a circle which ladies fill;
Six to two and two come down;
Lady in centre and seven hands roun';
Do, do, gents, and all go slow;
Do, si, ladies, don't you know;
Gents turn a 'somerset'; ladies swing,
Gents on the corner cut a pigeonwing!"

And when we'd finished dancin' then the eatables was spread;
Jest lots of cake and cider and of apples gold and red,
And popcorn balls and taffy and the best of punkin pies,
And, take it all in all, a feast a king could not despise.
But them old times are numbered with the pleasures of the past;
They've gone the way of lots of things that seemed too good to last.
But still I'm hopin' Fate 'ill plan to give me one more chance
To gaze upon the pleasures of an old-time country dance:
"Gents glide forward; ladies wait;
Swing them corners like swingin' on a gate;
All join hands and hold on tight;
Swing your partners; circle to the right;
Snow-flakes fallin'; wheat's all dead;
Everybody'll have to eat corn bread;
Gents chase ladies round the hall,
Skirts a-swishin'; promenade all!'"

There were five hundred and sixty-eight of Tammany Hall to batten at that feast, and the sincerity of their presence finds indication when one remembers how each paid twelve dollars for the food-ruin that he wrought. True, Mr. McClellan — just made Mayor — had not as yet given out his patronage, and that might have had somewhat to do with kindling enthusiasm. Nor did the fact that between courses the diners for the most part lolled amiably at Mr. McClellan like five hundred coyotes go to the disproof of this. But no one should criticise for that. A Tammany brave out of office grows haggard, lean and gaunt; and though those diners might hunger individually for place, and appeal to Mr. McClellan with their eyes, would that show their anxious zeal in furtherance of his White House aspirations to be a pretense? It should fire that zeal, augmenting its burning.

However, to put the question to sleep, and on the right side of the bed at that, the menu employed to warn the diners of what gastronomic perils threatened them — it was a menu to have engaged the admiration of Heliogabalus, who, as all men know, was a past master of polite eating in his day — I say, the menu, tastefully, and in the manner of a stairway, displayed engravings of the City Hall, the Executive Mansion at Albany, and the White House, being a pictorial intimation that Mr. McClellan was to trip lightly from a Mayoralty to a Governorship, and from the latter to a Presidency, and all without delay. What should be more feasible? The longer the Tammany men looked at those pictures the easier the thing became. It was like a dream, or as the vision of that good man who beheld the stairway leading down from Heaven, with shining angels passing to and fro. After a few reasonable bumpers, no one of Tammany doubted; that Presidency had taken its exalted station among things whitely sure. When the dinner began the plan was to run Mr. McClellan for President in 1912; or, if the country became impatient, then in 1908. It was not overlong before the needlessness of delay dawned upon the Tammany man. By the time the repast arrived at duck, the Governorship had been stricken out. The program had been so far abated that decision was reached to seize the Presidency for Mr. McClellan at once. Why wait? So far as Tammany was concerned, those deferring eight-year and four-year clauses had been wiped away, and Mr. McClellan stood declared a present Presidential candidate.

Of course there were those to oppose. Doubters urged the Dresden nativity of Mr. McClellan as a Constitutional bar. Cynics, in teasing intimation of some possible lightness of metal on the side of Mr. McClellan, inquired how far they of Tammany thought a Flobert rifle would carry? They said that to mention Mr. McClellan and a Presidency was as though one cried, "Parlor pistols and buffalo bulls!"

To these and kindred scoffers, however, the Tammany diners waved contemptuous dismissal. They had gotten a candidate; and to him they would adhere. Nor did the fact that no convention for forty years had paid aught of heed to Tammany, and would only discover its wishes to deny them, make in a least degree for their dismay. Wherefore it may be taken that Mr. McClellan is a candidate, having the support of Tammany Hall; although for the present Mr. Murphy will cover his deep chicane with the name of Mr. Cleveland.

For myself, I am driven to confess that I own rooted doubts of Mr. McClellan's triumph. I must go further; I even despair of ever seeing him a President. Un-American as it may sound — on Ellis Island — I fear that the time is not yet nationally ripe for Mr. Murphy to name the President of these United States. Tammany is ready for it; but in that good respect Tammany is so far in advance of the whole people that even its excellent example, and the effect of it, may be described as utterly lost by merest stress of distance. Mr. McClellan is a candidate, but I fear me he will never progress beyond that caterpillar stage. Perhaps it is as well. Should Mr. McClellan move up to a Presidency there be those whom the example would unhinge. I, for one, should have work to keep myself from seizing the British Throne. By the easy light of Mr. McClellan's elevation I should see that I had waited too long.

The Democracy of Greater New York is so much like a house divided against itself that it has two organizations and two bosses. Tammany with Mr. Murphy (that is, Mr. Sullivan) at the head, with Mr. Croker's final shadow all across, rule in Manhattan and the Bronx. The Brooklyn organization, with Mr. McCarren, controls in Kings County, Staten Island, and what other dependencies and little city kingdoms lie on the Long Island side of East River. It is as though one were to say that Mr. Murphy dominates with

(*Continued on Page 29*)

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More Precious than Radium

EVEN more valuable than the discovery of radium is the story of how it was discovered

M. Curie, the poor, obscure man of science, toiling in a dilapidated laboratory; the young girl struggling through a free course in science and letting herself to him as secretary: the marriage of the two; the dedication of all the money they had in the world to the prosecution of the search for—not wealth, not power, not any material advantage whatsoever, even wide fame, but just for a scientific truth, that would be perhaps only a humble and obscure contribution to the great mass of truth.

All the discoveries and all the inventions are of small value to the world in comparison with the two great forces that are behind all that is fine and high in humanity—love and unselfish devotion to a noble ideal.

Family Prayers

FOR the decline of specific knowledge of the Bible among the people many explanations have been advanced—such as the fact that the Bible is no longer read in the public schools, or that where it was once the one book or one of a very few in the ordinary household, there are now many books, newspapers and magazines, with a multitude of new occupations and distractions to boot.

But these explanations are not wholly satisfactory. In the first place, considering only the element in our population that was Bible-reading, has not that element grown steadily and naturally straight along, and are there not to-day more people in this country who know the Bible more thoroughly than ever before? In the second place, if there has been an actual decline in the number of Bible readers and not merely a huge increase in the adherents of non-Bible-reading sects, would not that decline of Biblical knowledge be rather the result of the decline of the custom of reading the Bible at family prayers? It was there—and not by solitary Bible-reading nor by Sunday-school lessons nor by church services—it was in the daily reading in family worship that the present and the past generations of Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians and kindred sects got their minute acquaintance with Biblical characters and events.

The Cult of Non-Essentials

THE "culture" that watches with anguish the march of the brutal car of progress is much agitated lest the amazing growth of the use of the English language foreshadows the merging of the various languages into one. What a calamity it would be, to be sure, if no matter where you went in the world you found people as comfortable and intelligent as civilization can make mortals, and you were able at once to exchange ideas with them! What a loss to the "picturesque!"

It is just such an exhibition of lack of imagination, of substitution of moon-struck mawkishness for true lofty idealism that puts broad-minded, thinking people out of patience with so-called "culture." Some one has said that genius consists in the rejection of the non-essential. This implies that insistence upon the non-essential is proof of the reverse of genius—that is, of stupidity. And what else but stupidity is a "culture" that cries out for such non-essentials as "picturesque" tyrants, slaves, trappings, passions and prejudices, "romantic" ruins that breed and disseminate disease, "time honored" differences of language that are barriers to human brotherhood and abetters of discord and war?

When Doctors Disagree

A "MEDICAL EXPERT" has come forward with the theory that "just as the lungs are strengthened by expansion to their fullest capacity so is the stomach strengthened by occasional, perhaps frequent, heavy feeding."

But why stop there? Why not go on to show that the ears are helped by filling them with enormous volumes of sound that stretch the drums to the snapping point? Why not urge sending the blood to the head in such unusual quantities that apoplexy almost results?

It is one of the most curious phenomena of the mental processes that analogy, which can lead only to confusion and error, is by far the most convincing form of argument. A happy analogy will carry the leakiest old tub of a bad case straight over the reefs of reason to port when without the analogy it would have gone all to pieces. The man who reasons by analogy is as dangerous as the doctor with a specialty.

A man who was troubled with a queer pain in the lower part of his chest went to five specialists of established reputation.

The first told him that his left lung was affected; the second, that he had heart disease; the third, that his liver was enlarged; the fourth, that he had a touch of muscular rheumatism; the fifth, that he was on the verge of nervous prostration. The cost of the enlightenment was $50—net

He went home and related his experience to his mother. She made up a mustard plaster and put it on his back, low down, that night. The pain disappeared

Some one asked Ben Franklin if he didn't think the doctors did much good. "Yes," replied Ben, "if you include the old women among them."

And yet, when all is said, we somehow like to know that there is a doctor within easy reach.

Apropos of Leap Year

TO THOSE who dream of a day when woman, self-supporting, shall neither be nor long to be the financial dependent of man the comparison of the last census with the preceding census in the matter of women and employment is far from cheering. True, there is a large absolute increase in the number of women engaged in gainful occupations—from just under four millions to just over five and a quarter. But relatively the increase in ten years of propaganda was practically nil, the percentage remaining about the same.

The last census was taken in a time of great prosperity—when the men could both offer and afford to yield to soft beguilements. The last previous census was taken in a lean year when the men must have been prudently backward. Balancing these factors, the conclusion seems to be that, other things equal, the American woman prefers the shelter of manly arms to the buffetings of a career, and the American man is still willing when he has the cash.

Private Business and Privy Theft

SO LONG as a man, setting out to buy the necessities of civilized life, has choice among many dealers eagerly competing for his custom, the claim of any dealer that his business was his own private affair was valid, just, both indisputable and undisputed. But what shall be said of such a claim set up by a dealer who, by bribing and corruption, by law-defiance, by sundry outrageous trickeries through transportation rates, has made himself the sole source of some necessity of civilized man, the sole arbiter of price?

His claim is not only invalid, it is impudent. And were not the machinery of our industrial society both so very new and so very complex, his impudence would shame even himself, would not for an instant restrain the action of law in bringing him to his senses. It is safe to predict that just as soon as a wise plan for reducing him to his proper place is found by a wisely patient people, not the biggest "campaign contribution" he can make will stop the Department of Commerce from action.

Well-Meaning Meddlers

THERE is hardly a book on sociology—whether novel or treatise, whether pessimist or optimist—that does not rest on the idea that our social system is responsible for all our ills. Improve the social system is the cry, and you will get rid of the ills. But is not this just one more yielding to the seductive habit of "putting the cart before the horse"?

The social system is not a cause; it is an effect. It is not a creator; it is a creature. In every one of its forms it represents the best that the human beings using it have been able to devise, the best that they could live under. Not the best for the best of them; but the best for the most of them. And it has been the invariable experience of history that any Utopian or theoretical change in the social system ends in dismal failure—the human animal will thrive only in conditions suited to it

The only permanent reforms, the only substantial gains, are made at the foundation—by enlightening and emancipating the individual human beings so that they shall naturally evolve for themselves the better conditions for which they have become fitted. That is slow work, and brings no applause or advertisement. Also it is done chiefly by strict adherence to the valuable maxim, "mind your own business."

Disagreeable but Not Disquieting

THERE has been of late an ugly bunching of cases of conspicuous public rascals escaping on technicalities amid the congratulations of partisanship upon their "vindication."

All this is extremely disagreeable, but not in the least disquieting. It does not do away with a single one of the sound and substantial reasons for rightdoing. The way of honesty still holds out all its old-time peerless attractions. No really honest men will be seduced, but only the fellows whose natural inclinations to knavery were restrained by base fear And their definite appearance among the goats will not actually diminish the number of sheep.

The ancient aristocracy of honest men is mighty hardy. Let no one be troubled lest it perish. Let each concern himself lest he perish from it.

From Savage to Citizen

WHAT is the basis of the characteristics of a people? What is the bedrock upon which the foundations of intelligence and morality rest as they support the towering superstructure of a civilized society?

To answer that question we must go back to the beginnings of society and look at the first notable difference between the savage and the civilizing man. We find that it consisted in steady daily labor and secure possession of the fruits of that labor.

Then any pursuit that does not involve steady daily labor, any political or sociological pursuit that does not involve security in the possession of one's property, is inevitably subversive of civilization. There is much in current matters that has its true and repulsive character revealed when it is brought to this touchstone.

Standing Pat

APPARENTLY four, perhaps five or more, excellent friends and customers of the American people are plunging toward infinite calamities and into financial straits verging upon bankruptcy. We refer, of course, to Russia, Japan, Corea and China, with Great Britain, France and Germany as possibly included. War among them will mean the firing away of billions of dollars' worth of ammunition, the destruction of hundreds of thousands of consumers of products of industrial civilization, the grave impairment of the purchasing power of hundreds of millions of human beings.

If every American should let his imagination dwell upon this practical view of the impending "glorious" struggle, how different would be the talk one hears and overhears about the situation in the Far East.

The truth about war is as different from the notions of it propagated by snapping jawed chuckle-heads as the arrival of a prosperous merchant to exchange ideas with his friends and to buy useful goods for distribution is different from the arrival of a prodigal profligate to fling away his money and to run amuck through the streets.

What America Means

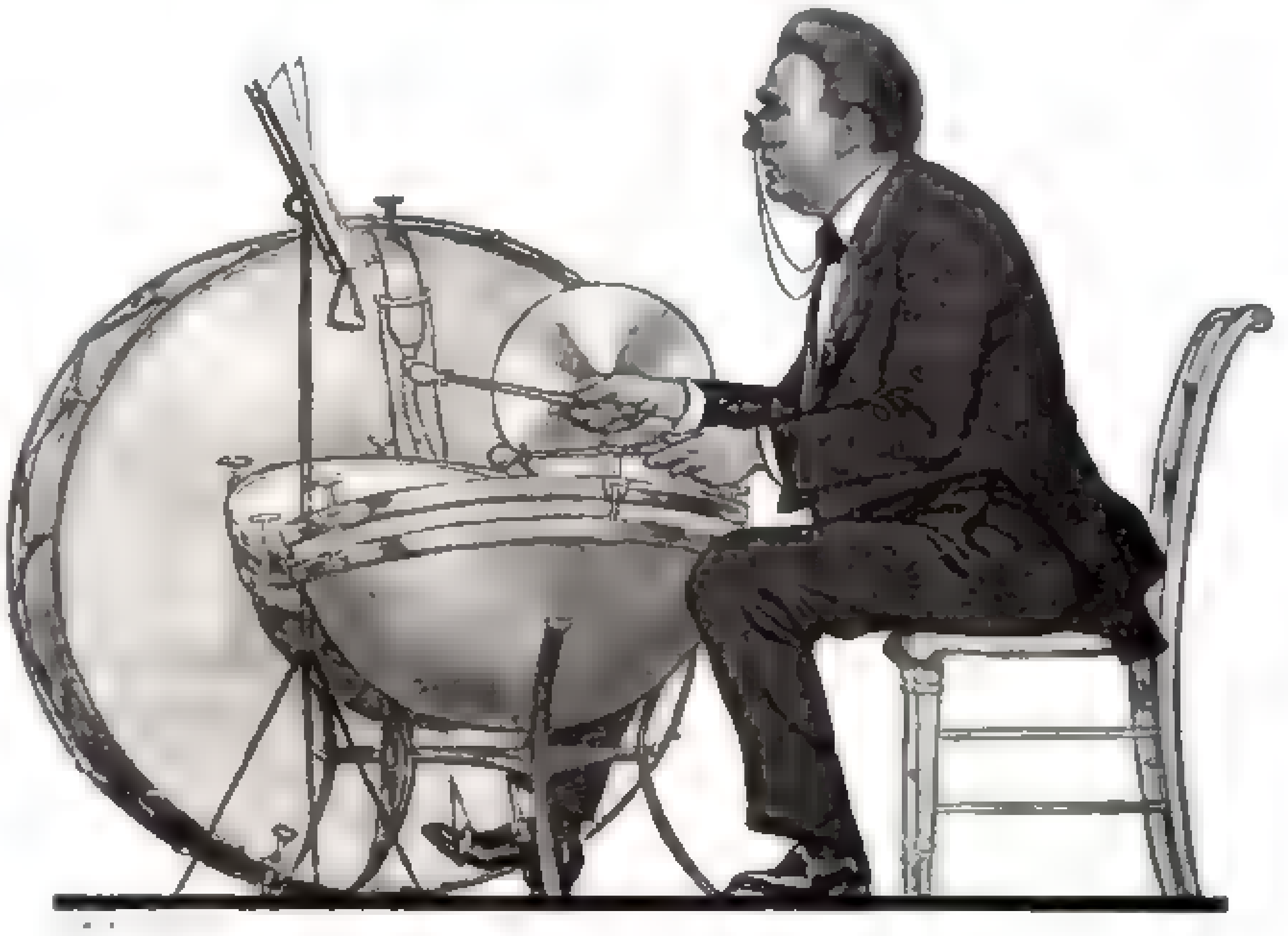
IN EUROPE there is now a well-established sect of men of intellect and character who call themselves internationalists. They scorn geographical lines and foreign-devilism in all its forms. They regard patriotism as a virtue chiefly useful to princes, politicians and public parasites of all kinds in furthering vicious and selfish schemes, and which owes its virtuous quality only to the fact that it is a stepping-stone to that higher concept—the brotherhood of man

This sect is being hated and persecuted with a fury out of all proportion to its smallness and its gentle means of propagating its ideas. And the result is that it is growing even more rapidly than it ought naturally to grow in Europe, crushed by castes and parasites. We on this side of the Atlantic—a few politicians and teeth-snapping trouble-hunters excepted—have only encouragement for the internationalists. For we are already internationalists, banded together to prevent interference with the man who wants a chance. If America means anything at all, it means the brotherhood of man.

The Man Behind the Drum

His Duties and His Humors

By William Armstrong



THERE is nothing in the line of amusements, from grand opera to picnic, without its accompanying music, and yet it is taken so much as a matter of course that small thought is given to the men who make it. They blow or fiddle their lives away, draw their pay with more or less regularity, and keep on in greater or less content, doing their duty like soldiers in the ranks with all the honors reserved for the leaders.

We have a sharp word for them when they play badly, disregard them when they play well, and once the curtain is up look over their heads and forget all about them

The way this great mass of people live—for in New York alone four thousand of them are registered in the Labor Union—the fatigues that fall to their lot, their loyalty and courage in bearing them, and the humorous side of their story has, curiously enough, never been chronicled.

At the Metropolitan Opera in New York the musicians are invisible from the lower part of the house, for by the new arrangement the orchestra is sunk, pitlike, between the front row of seats and the stage. Only the conductor is in sight waving his arms above the invisible band. From the boxes and galleries there is a view of a hundred players, each man with one eye on the conductor and the other on his notes. Eight hours a day find him there.

In front of each desk with its green shaded electric light the musician bends above his work during the four hours of rehearsal and four hours of performance which follow it. In the intermissions between acts he slips through the little door leading to the orchestra-room under the stage, where rows of instrument boxes placed in tiers make the place look like the crypt of an Egyptian temple. The casual may picture him enjoying comfort with foam on it in these moments of absence. But a smoke outside on the pavement is his sole indulgence. A rule at the Metropolitan imposes a fine of half a month's salary on any player or singer who touches alcoholic beverages while on duty, and the orchestra musician is not a man to tempt such disaster.

There are no keener critics than the orchestra, and not a singer, who is frank, but will acknowledge that it gives him uncomfortable moments. Let the prima-donna who earns fifteen hundred dollars a night sing out of key, and down in the orchestra-pit you will see the men whose salary is seven dollars a night look sidewise at each other and squirm in their seats as they play. The fifteen-hundred-dollar lady may not see them in that moment, but she will know pretty well what they are doing. For this reason there is no applause so sweet to her ears as the tapping of violin bows on music racks at the fall of the curtain

The funny part of it is that, though the singer accepts blame from the orchestra as a matter of course, the orchestra will not allow the singer any such privilege. One morning in rehearsal with a noted orchestra things went badly. "That sounds like the Hayville Cornet Band," said the great singer, whose accompaniment they were playing.

They never forgot the sally and took so many ways of showing the fact that she finally refused ever to appear with them again.

The Keenest Critic of the House

LET a solo violinist preceded by a great foreign reputation fail to live up to it in rehearsal, and you will hear one of the second violins in the orchestra imitating a passage that he has played badly. The faces of the band will be covered with smiles and that of the soloist with blushes. The latter may get seven hundred dollars a concert and the former seven, but in such moments the chagrin would be counted by some as worth the $693 difference.

The work of an orchestra player in grand opera begins at eleven o'clock in the morning with rehearsal. During it his lot is the hardest of all those engaged. The soloists, chorus and dancers have each periods of rest; he has none. Over and again a passage is repeated; it may tire the arm of the violinist to aching, or it may make the wind instrument player dizzy from blowing, but it has to be done. And it is not on his own account, for he already knows his part, but on account of others that be must do it.

The orchestra score of an opera is no small thing to master. When a new work is given which the conductor has never directed he learns more at rehearsal than he is likely to do at his desk at home. Does he acknowledge it? Not at all. On some flimsy pretext or other he has a passage repeated many times, always "on account of the orchestra," but in reality to learn the thing a little better himself

When Mancinelli conducted the rehearsals of Salammbô at the Metropolitan the opera was a new one to him. He is recognized as an excellent director. Over and over he made the orchestra play certain passages, a little crescendo was not perfect here and a little something else was not satisfactory there. The men knew clearly enough that it was not on their account, but his own, that these many repetitions were demanded. But they fiddled and blew ahead cheerfully, for no soldier yields to discipline with a readier heart than the orchestral player.

Twenty-four rehearsals were held by Mr. Hertz for the first Parsifal performance at the Metropolitan. And yet Parsifal is the easiest for the orchestra of any of Wagner's music-dramas. Mr. Seidl brought out Tristan and Isolde, the same composer's stupendously difficult work, after only seven rehearsals. Mr. Seidl had his score letter-perfect; Mr. Hertz was conducting Parsifal for the first time.

The work imposed on the orchestral player varies with his leader, but follow he must, no matter what the demand, or he ceases then and there to be an orchestral player at all. To his own ideas he has, for the hours that he is in the orchestra-pit, no right at all

Sometimes there is insubordination, but as rarely as in military service. There is on record a young conductor more noted for his wealthy supporters than his musical ability, and at times harsh with his men. One day in rehearsal he shouted, "You're a gang of green workmen!"

"And you are the boss!" promptly retorted a lusty trombone player. After that peace and politeness were commoner.

As a rule, conductors are kind to their men, for good men are hard to replace. Richard Strauss, the greatest of living German composers, is an eminent example of appreciation. At rehearsal, when a musician plays a solo well, no matter how small, he steps down from the desk at the close of the number and shakes his hand heartily.

If the men of an orchestra have a profound respect for the knowledge of their conductor no sacrifice of time or convenience is considered in the endeavor to please him. Etiquette and regard for discipline prevent association of the director with his musicians, except in the case of the leader of the violins and the heads of the various divisions, but there are many ways in which the one may convey to the other his feeling of appreciation.

Conductors as Composers

THE best of conductors write generally the worst of music. There is a chronicle of such a one whose opera was brought out in New York. At the final rehearsal he made a speech, promising a banquet to the entire orchestra if the work made a success. Appetites were hearty, but hopes were weak. A big table was provisionally reserved at a neighboring restaurant in view of a fortunate outcome. The men played their best. Act after act the curtain went up only to come down on absolute silence. When it was all ended the conductor, who had lost hope but not appetite, went alone and silent to his repast. On arriving at what would have been the banquet hall under happier conditions he found to his surprise one solitary musician at the big table.

"But it was a failure!" said the unfortunate composer

"I liked it, Herr Director," was the placid reply, and the undisturbed flutist opened his napkin.

The first man to arrive on the scene, be it opera rehearsal or performance, is the librarian. His duty is to see that the right notes are put on one hundred desks. A slight mistake and strange things would happen. They once did at the Chicago Exposition, when one half the musicians began to play the overture to Fra Diavolo and the other half the overture to Gazza Ladra. Both sides were in earnest and playing their loudest. The young assistant who was directing pounded for silence, shook his fist at the players, and accused them of conspiring against him. At that moment the distracted librarian, who had heard the din, rushed on the scene and explanations and a change of notes followed.

But the placing of the notes is the smallest part of the librarian's duties. In every opera that is given certain parts are left out or "cut," to use the technical word. When an opera that is new in the repertory is given and the soloists come for a piano rehearsal with the conductor, one will say, "I never sang that at La Scala"; another will chime in, "It is not tradition to sing this," or, "That does not suit my voice," or something equally relevant. There are always reasons enough to go around on such occasions. With each objection, if backed up by sufficient commotion, the conductor's pencil strikes a black dash. When the rehearsal is over he hands the opera to the librarian and says, "Make these cuts in the score and parts," as though a change in the music for one hundred players were as simple a matter as drawing a line.

Sometimes, at the request of a singer, a number has to be transposed from one key to another on very short notice. In that case the librarian must write out the change for each and every one of the instruments.

The man in the orchestra at the Metropolitan will tell you that sleep is a matter of habit, and he should know. In the years of Mr. Grau's management, twice weekly the organization went to Philadelphia to give performances there, in addition to the five presentations, one concert, and many rehearsals of the New York schedule. Arriving from Philadelphia at three or four o'clock in the morning, the members of the orchestra had to be in their places for rehearsal at eleven. That night came the regular performance and four more hours of steady playing

The trombone and bass drum players have an easier time than their colleagues during a performance, having sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty bars rest. To catch a stray wink of sleep or find any solace in eying the familiar scene on the stage is equally beyond them. Drawing is generally their amusement, for many of the players, and especially the Italians, have a talent in this line, and the margins of their music will be found covered with sketches of the singers or of each other.

The Musician's Pay

THE pay of an orchestral musician in grand opera, as fixed by the labor union, is seven dollars a performance, and he is guaranteed five performances a week, but in the height of the season plays seven and one concert. For rehearsal he receives nothing, unless it be held at night or on Sunday, when the compensation is fixed at two dollars. Though some of the leading players receive a little more, the others, whether they play first violin or bass drum, share alike.

The concert orchestra player has an easier time of it than his grand opera colleague. Rehearsals are not so arduous, as at most only two programs a week are presented. Besides, with the great organizations he has only one conductor year in and year out instead of several. In opera the afternoon performance may be conducted by an Italian who is strongly emotional; in the evening a German of complete self-command and severe intellectuality will be at the director's desk. The musician must respond to the individuality of each; he must understand the meaning of every gesture and glance. Consequently the opera player, owing to his varied experience, is more mobile than the concert one, and is a better sight reader.

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Memoirs of a Bell Boy

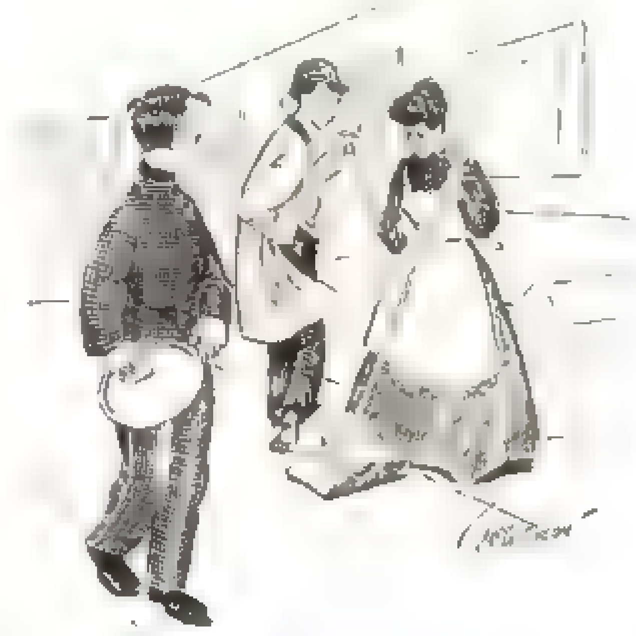
BY S. E. KISER

Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon

I

Gee! There's a call from seven-forty-eight —
That's Miss Le Clure; she wants some ice, I'll bet.
She stars in "Mrs. Middleton's Regret."
And when you mention peaches — say, she's great!
If I could marry her I guess I'd hate
To have to do it — nit! I'd go and get
A plug hat and a fur-trimmed coat and let
The guy that's managin' her pay the freight

They say she gets a hundred dollars per
I'd like to draw that much a year or two
They'd know I'd been around when I got through.
I wish the dude that comes here after her
Was in my place and me in his — I'd stir
Things up around this town. I wouldn't do
A thing but buy her everything I knew
She didn't have but might be wishin' fer

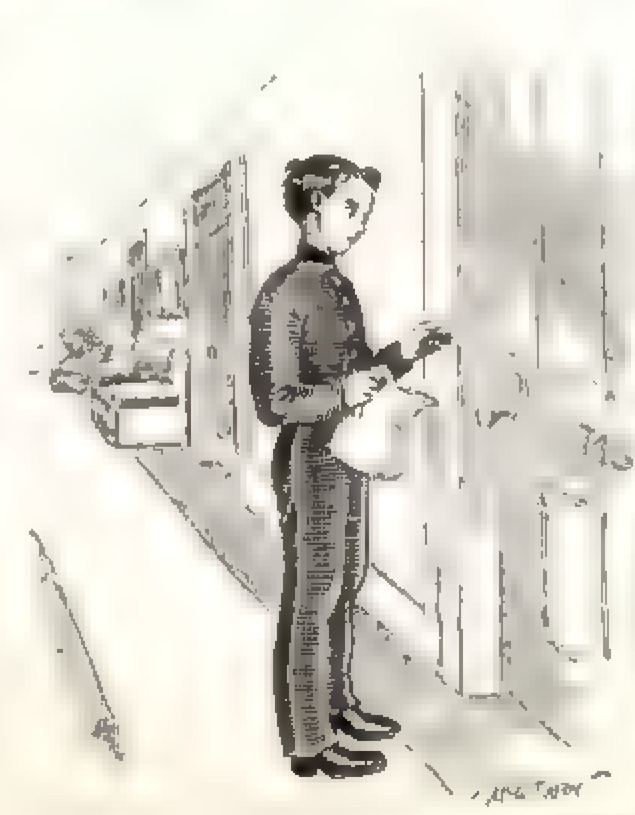


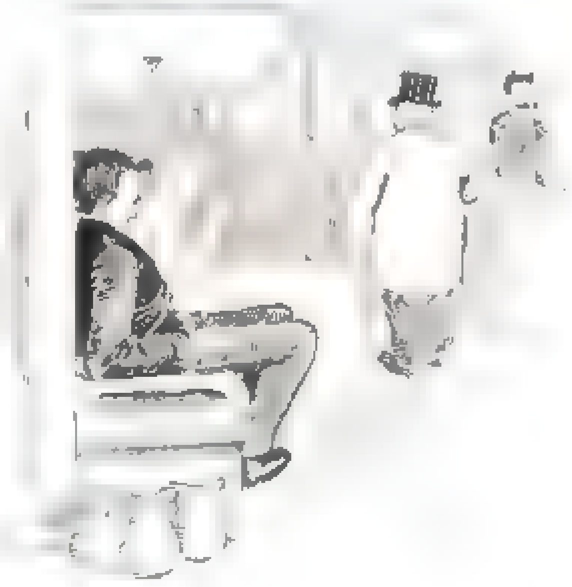
She rung fer me to get some stamps, and when
I took them up she says, "Just wait a bit."
She put one on a note and handed it
To me to mail — and he come in just then
And grabbed the thing — I've heard of crazy men
And I know when it's up to me to quit
She had him goin' groggy when I lit,
But, blame the luck, they've made it up again.

II

If I could have my choice I wouldn't be
The main guy of a kingdom — nix for me
I'd only wish that I could be as great
As one of these gay boys from up the State
Imagines that we think he is when he
Tilts back his hat and lights his cigarette
And does the pouter-pigeon act; I'd let
Them have their thrones if I could be as grand
As these boys think they are when they "run down"
On business trips and let their chests expand
And act as though they'd come to buy the town

The minute one of them gets in he shies
Around the telegraph girl, makin' eyes
And wantin' to know what it costs to send
Ten words to Saugatuck or Brady's Bend,
Or dictates to the shorthand girl and tries



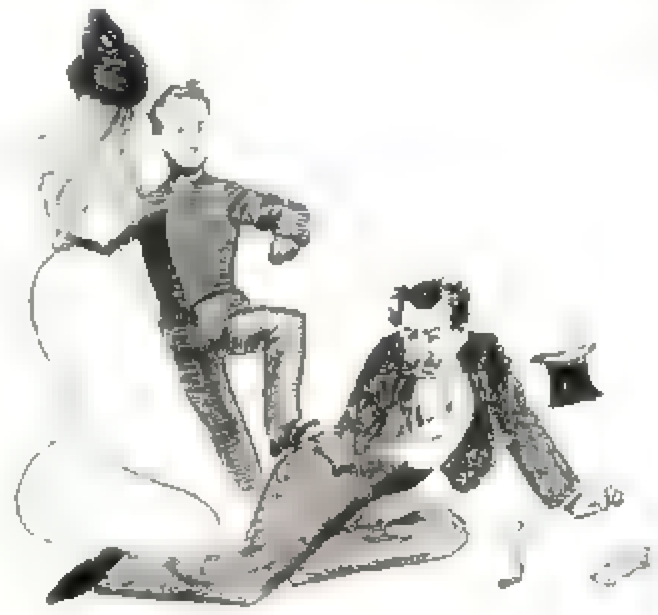


To make her think he's Mike from Up-the-Crick —
It's easy work to spot these Johnnies quick:
They try to mash the chambermaids upstairs
And buzz the news-stand lady, and I s'pose
They think that we all think they're millionaires —
Hello! There that sweet little actress goes

III

If I would get to be a millionaire
And didn't have to work or anything,
I'd go and buy a dimun' stud and ring
And open up a swell hotel somewhere
And be head clerk myself, and have my hair
All curled and fixed like Morton's is, and fling
On agony as though I'd be a king
And had a throne behind the counter there

The guy that owns this joint ain't got no style:
He wears his whiskers down around his neck
I'll bet that I'd have shiners by the peck
If I was in his place and had his pile
When guests come in he don't put on a smile
And get to lookin' chesty and say "Front"
As though he owned the earth: he leaves that stunt
For Morton, who can beat him out a mile



IV

I went to see the show last night, the one
She's playin' in, you know, but all the fun
I thought I'd have was spoiled, confound the luck,
I bought a forty-cent bouquet to chuck
Down at her when the second act was done.
I got a seat in front, all right, and, oh!
How grand she looked away down there below!
I thought of angels every time she'd look
Up at the gallery — but when I let
My flowers tumble down the villain took
And give them to the putty-faced soubrette!

I wish I was the hero of the play
She's actin' in and had the chance to lay
Her head agin my buzzom every night
And knock the villain down and hold her tight —
I wouldn't ask to have a cent of pay
And when she'd look up at me sweet and proud
I'd feel so glad I'd have to yell out loud:
I'll bet the knock I give the villain when
I come to rescue her would make him grunt
And when she wound her arms around me, then —
Oh, blame it, there's old Morton howlin' "Front!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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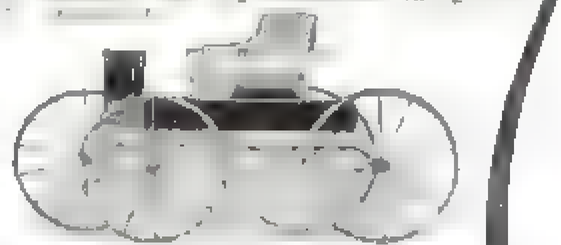

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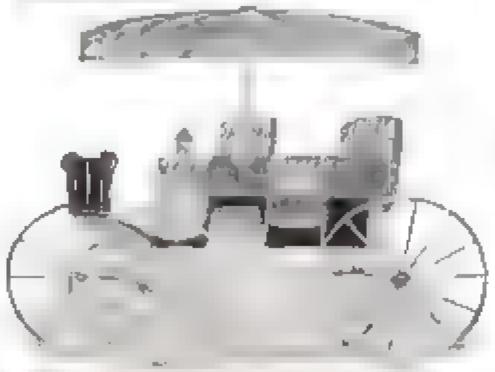

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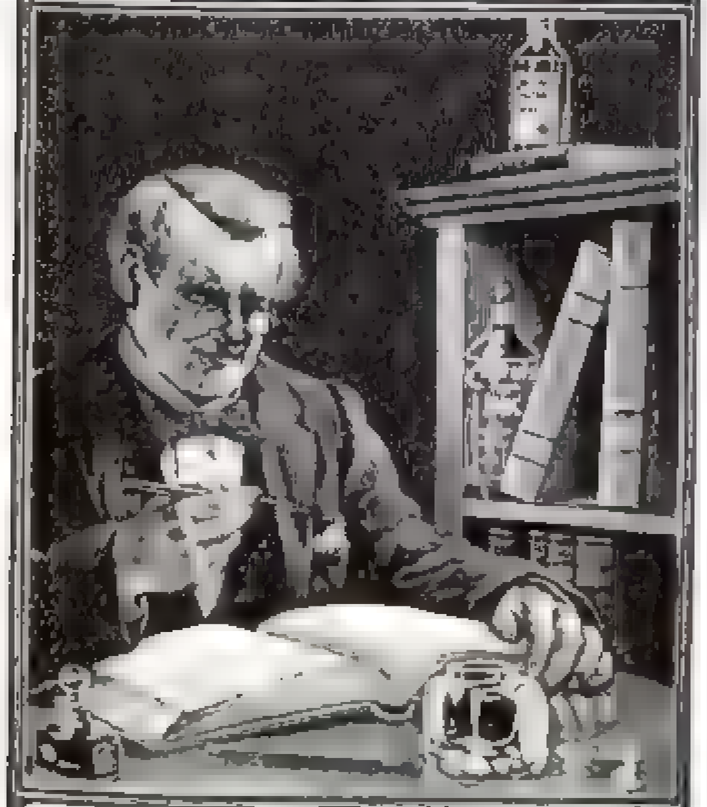

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Little Emma

By Wallace Irwin

Sailor, sitting by the sea,
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,
Why dost weep so mournfully
On a vacant sugar barrel?

"Emma's gone," the sailor said,
"Merely hypochondriac, oh—
Hast thou, stranger, any shred,
Just a bite, of plug tobacco?"

Though he took the plug and ate,
Undiminished his dilemma.
Scarce he could articulate,
"She is gone—my Little Emma!"

"Little Emma," cried I, "Who
Was she? Kitten, dog—or maiden,
Left by you, as sailors do,
In some inconvenient Aiden?

Little Emma's dainty name,
Quite suggestive of a tale, sir"—
Quoth the tar, "It were the same,
Little Emma was a whale, sir.

"Kindly sir, forgive my wail,
These unmanly tear-drops—blow it!—
If you've gone and lost a whale
Ain't that loss enough to know it?

"Emma was so light of touch,
Emma was so deft and smiling,
Emma was so true—so much—
So expansively beguiling!

"If she'd only asked me I
Would have stroked her little chinny;
If she'd only let me try
I'd have held her finny-finny.

"Should you look for Emma, you
Might discern her by her color,
By her cheeks which bear the hue
Of an ironclad—only duller.

"When my Emma nigh you goes
Mention me to her as many
Times as all her flips have toes.
(Don't be scared—they haven't any.)"

"Sailor," in amaze spake I,
"Since at sea so much you've seen,
sir—"
Quoth the sailor with a sigh,
"Not at sea—I've never been, sir."

"But the Little Emma whale,
Since unceasing you regret her"—
Quoth the sailor, turning pale,
"Think of it—I never met her!"

So I left him to his grief,
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,
Wringing out his handkerchief
In the vacant sugar barrel.

* * *

The Mishaps of Gentle Jane

By Carolyn Wells

The Rude Cannibals

Cannibals, exceeding rude,
Once cooked Gentle Jane for food
Though a nature mild she had,
Gentle Jane got boiling mad.

The Tough Boiler

On or after August first,
Jane was where a boiler burst
And (though she at slang would scoff)
Let the boiler blow her off.

The Curious Crowd

Gentle Jane, with no one nigh her,
Touched a live electric wire
As the crowd around her flocked,
Gentle Jane seemed rather shocked.

The Laconic Lightning

Gentle Jane at midnight's hour
Dreamed she heard a thunder-shower;
Waking from her pleasant sleep,
Jane was struck all of a heap.

The Shipwreck

Gentle Jane once chanced to be
In a fearful storm at sea;
As she viewed the raging main,
Jane's heart sank, and so did Jane.

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

SHALL we ever have a comprehensive, true history of this country? We have, I am afraid, a better chance of that great American novel for which we have looked so long. Because it must be the history not only of the handful of Puritans who settled on the stony New England coast, and of the other colonies of warmer-blooded folk farther south, and of how, together, they cut themselves off from the mother country, and later fought out their differences in the Civil War, but it must be the story — a detailed, sympathetic story, too — of the Germans in Pennsylvania, the French in Louisiana, the mighty army of Scotch-Irish that swept down into the valleys of the Appalachian range from the lakes to Georgia — of the later inundation of the Northwest by the Scandinavians, and of the countless colonies of Dutch, Poles, Huns, Scotch, Russians, Jews, Italians and Swiss, with Irish sifted freely through the mass everywhere, like pepper in a pudding. It must give us a faithful picture of the divers characters of these peoples, of their struggles, their successes and their failures, and show us how, after they had made their way into the one country in the world where they were free to select their own rulers and serve God as they chose, they became a help or a curse to it.

We have no such history now. There have been recently a good many attempts to consider these bodies of incomers separately, and I propose to notice some of them briefly to-day. I may as well say frankly at the beginning that the defect in most of these books is that they are bald accounts of the movements and the failures and successes of these divers bodies of emigrants. But of their individual character or their influence in the civilization or the political, social or religious life of the nation there is seldom any mention. These histories are like the bald record of the Israelites in the book of Numbers, where we are told how many thousand men there were of the tribe of Simeon or Levi, but of their virtues or vices, their pleasant ways or detestable habits, there is not a hint.

One of the most promising of these books is The First Chapter of the Norwegian Immigration, by Dr. Rasmus B. Anderson *(published by Author, Madison, Wisconsin)*. Doctor Anderson is loyal to his race, and claims from their adopted country all the honors they deserve from it, in full measure.

He reminds us that it was the Norse Vikings who taught the world pelagic navigation; that this continent was first discovered by Leif Erikson A. D. 1000; that the first settlement in the present United States was made by Thorfin Karlsefne, 1007, and that the first white child born in the New World was Thorfin's son, Snorre, in 1008.

Columbus, arriving five centuries later, was, in the face of these facts, but a newcomer and intruder.

Doctor Anderson tells only the story of the Scandinavian emigrations to this country, from the expedition under Jens Munk in 1619 to the formation of the six great Norwegian settlements, the last of which was made in 1840. The first expedition landed at Hudson's Bay, and all of its members, except Munk and two sailors, perished during the first winter there of cold and famine.

Mere Facts, Not History

In enumerating the claims of the early Scandinavian settlers to our gratitude, Doctor Anderson oddly omits one fact, that the three ships which brought the Swedish colony up the Delaware in 1638 were sent under an order written by Charles Gustavus himself, "to go forth and found a city in the wilderness, in which the oppressed of all nations could dwell in peace, free to earn their bread and worship God as they chose." Neither the Pilgrim Fathers nor the Virginians laid down such a broad foundation of human brotherhood as this. It was adopted by Penn, and made a reality in his Principality. While Quakers were being whipped in New England and Episcopalians driven out of her boundaries, every form of worship was tolerated in Pennsylvania.

There are many other points in the history of the early Scandinavian settlements that illustrate the sturdy integrity, the simplicity and lack of worldliness of these adventurers which Doctor Anderson has failed to note, not probably from ignorance, but from a lack of appreciation of their importance.

The first comers from Scandinavia belonged, as he states, to the humble, working class. They did not know when they left home whether a king or a great captain ruled over the country to which they were going, but believed that frightful dragons guarded the coast, and that they were in danger after they landed of being sold as slaves to the Turks.

The important point for posterity to know about these people is, what was their character, their idea of God, and of their own business in the world, and what, in consequence, was their influence upon the new nation into which they came?

Doctor Anderson gives us no clue to any of these things. He fills a huge volume with petty details concerning the births and deaths of countless Olsens and Jansens, who remain as characterless as the heaps of pine shingles in a lumber yard. Interminable lists of the names and portraits of these homely laborers fill the book. His purpose is, apparently, to furnish correct data by which the descendants of these first comers can trace their ancestry, if they are minded to make for themselves genealogical trees. Hence, the historical student, unfortunately, will find the larger part of the work valueless.

In odd contrast to it is another book in which the writer also tells the story of his race, but tells it with a passion and fierce, personal animus which makes the dullest reader a partisan. This is Acadia, by Edouard Richard *(Home Book Company, New York)*. Mr. Richard is a Canadian, an ex-member of Parliament, a scholar, a man of influence, and apparently a loyal subject of Great Britain. But he is also the descendant of some of the men and women who, in 1755, were deported from Grand Pré and Port Royal to different settlements in this country. The terror and agony of the victims and their thirst for vengeance seem to have come down in his blood to this day. He has given years to searching out the truth concerning the event and to bringing the crime home to the guilty man, who, he asserts, alone conceived and executed it.

The Truth About the Acadians

Most Americans have but a vague idea of this chapter in our early history. Longfellow's Evangeline, to most of us, has given to it the remote air of a melancholy, poetic pastoral. In reality, the expulsion of the Acadians from their homes was only paralleled in brutality in modern times by the horrors of St. Bartholomew and our own deportation of the Ponca tribe.

Mr. Richard brings new light into the subject from documents which he has unearthed, and shows that Parkman and Aken have given partial and prejudiced accounts of the tragedy. He himself has no art as a raconteur. But it is perhaps because of this lack of art, and his intense personal feeling, that his book holds the reader with such force. It is not a book to him, but a cry for help from a place where murder is being done, and he lays it down feeling balked and guilty that he can do nothing for these poor victims, who have been quiet in their graves for more than a century.

Mr. Richard has given too little space to the later history of his people in the United States. He should write it in detail.

The most important recent contribution to these race histories is Charles A. Hanna's The Scotch-Irish *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*.

The Scotch-Irish more than any other race, probably, have influenced the history and character of this country. Their brains were not so alert or fruitful of new ideas as those of the New Englander, but they held to their old opinions and beliefs with a bulldog tenacity, carrying them with them wherever they went, forcing them into the laws, the habits and the life of the nation. The grandson of that old Scotch-Irish immigrant may not have as keen wits as his neighbor boasts of possessing, but he never wanders with them into barren fields gathering weeds instead of fruit. He is not the uneasy Spiritualist or Buddhist or Agnostic among us to-day. He goes on planting the square meeting house of his grandfather on every hill, singing his old hymns, reciting his old creed. He is honest, shrewd, well fed, well

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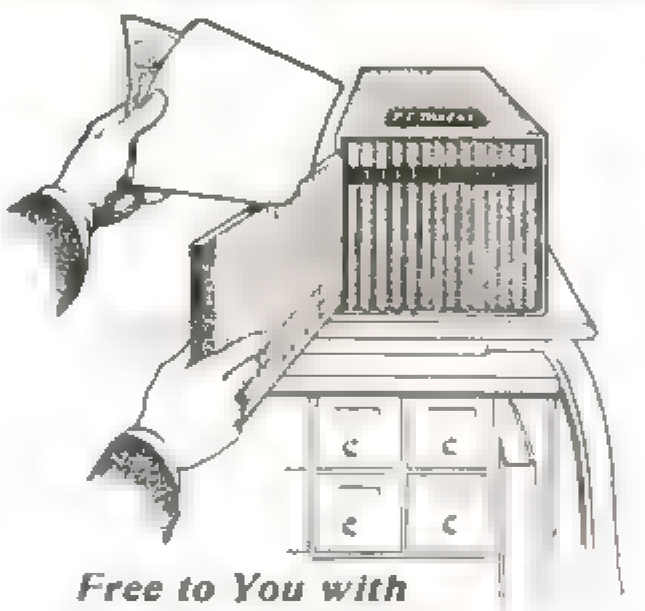

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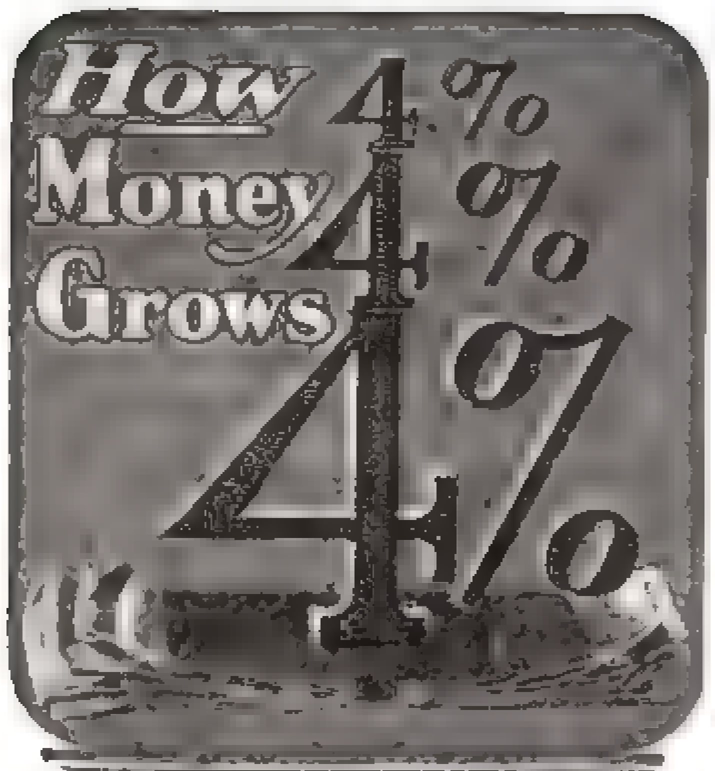

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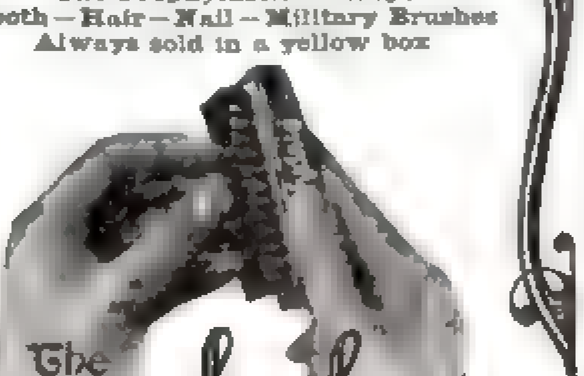

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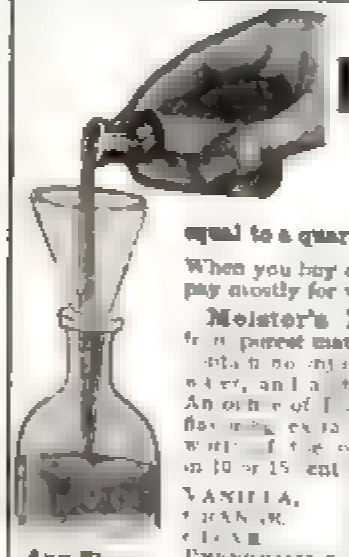

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clothed, pigheaded, faithful to death to his kin, his wife and his flag. If the New Englander, as he claims, is the brain of the country, and the Southerner its nerves, the Scotch-Irish are its blood, the clean, sane, strong life of it

The first volume of Mr. Hanna's book treats of the Scot at home, the second contains the story of the exodus of hordes of poor Presbyterians from Scotland and the north of Ireland to the American colonies One or two shiploads of these people were sent by Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar The emigration increased with every year of the eighteenth century, they poured into every port on the coast, from Boston to Georgia The great majority of them were poor laborers They had a cold welcome, especially from the Puritans, who drove them out of their settlements with great cruelty. Some of the other colonies more shrewdly quartered them around and outside of their towns, to act as a bulwark against the savages

The Scotch Irish, however, were too wise to remain on the barren hills of New England They pushed southward and took possession of the valley of the Alleghenies from Lake Erie to Alabama, then as now the garden belt of the continent. No history has been written of these legions of sturdy, rational folk who slowly crept over the mountain ranges and along the banks of the great rivers, bringing prosperity and comfort with them

Mr. Hanna calls attention to the fact that these people (in Pennsylvania) were the first in the colonies to put an end to the union of church and state and to abolish slavery. They formed the bulk of Washington's army; they were the majority of the men who led and filled the ranks which faced each other under Grant and Lee. The most successful business men, the ablest lawyers, the most famous physicians in this country have been, he claims, of their blood.

Appended to the second volume are several papers hitherto difficult of access, and hence invaluable to the student. Among these are The Ragman Roll, the Montgomery and Hamilton manuscripts and lists of the names and locations of the prominent Scottish and Scotch-Irish families before their emigration

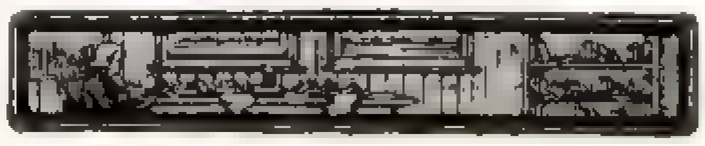
Intimate Narrations Wanted

When will other scholars as capable as Mr. Hanna give us the history of some of the smaller bodies of emigrants to this country? The story of Father Marquette and his successors, and their work among their Indian pupils, has never been truly told, though many fictions have been built on it. The gay, light hearted French boy, with the soul of a crusader, vowing in his old château on the Aisne to give his life to preaching Christ to the red men of the West and to exploring its wildernesses, is too chivalric a figure to be treated as a fact by the average writer

Why does nobody tell us the true history of Delaware? The perfunctory narratives written for young students give us no real glimpse of the long tragedy which went on upon the little peninsula, while Swedes, Dutch and English in turn massacred each other on her green fields. The victor in that day usually murdered the women of the defeated race and sold the men as slaves on the Southern tobacco fields.

New Jersey is another quarter of the old colonies neglected by historians Where, for instance, outside of musty records, will you find the story of Petlochie's prison ship, on which he transported as slaves two hundred peasants who had refused to take the oath of submission to the English church; how he starved and chained and beat them in the hold, dying himself with the whip in his hand: how the ship was wrecked at Perth Amboy, and the remnant of the poor wretches wandered down the coast, singing hymns to stifle their hunger? The after story of these people is well worth the telling

Is not the mistake of our historians — able as many of them have been — that they have given us only accounts of genealogies, of events, of laws, of battles? What we want is the human story, glimpses of these individual, widely differing men who came here from the ends of the earth to be fused into one, and what effect the character and influence of each — be he English, Scot, Jew, negro or Indian — has had upon the final issue — the American?



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LINCOLN AS KNOWN TO HIS NEIGHBORS

Unpublished Anecdotes of His Early Life

BY P. K. McMINN

THE time will probably come when the last new and unpublished incident and anecdote of Lincoln's home and neighborhood life will have been told, but that time is not yet. So often have reporters and special writers visited his early haunts in Central Illinois to gather material for publication concerning his earlier manhood career that probably all possible information to be gleaned from standard authorities is exhausted. These "standard authorities," however, consist, or have consisted, of his more prominent citizen contemporaries and a few others generally understood to have been in peculiarly intimate relations with him.

But he was known to hundreds of others who do not obtrude their knowledge upon the world, and whom, on account of their obscurity, or remoteness from centres of population, no one has ever thought of interviewing. Interesting bits of information are within reach all over Sangamon and adjoining counties, but as no one knows exactly where to seek for them they can be collected only little by little, as they spring up unexpectedly, incidental to one's intercourse with the older inhabitants of this region

Lincoln was on familiar terms with all whom he met, and scores of his humbler neighbors can contribute odds and ends concerning his personality, that, as tending to give fullness of detail, may well be embodied in any symposium on his character.

The writer learned of the existence of this scattered and hitherto unpublished material almost accidentally. For eight years of the last decade of the century just closed I systematically interviewed old settlers of Central Illinois concerning the early history of this region, and, although the information sought was meant to bear on a period previous to that in which Lincoln came to Springfield, no one interviewed considered that he had done himself full justice unless he had contributed his mite of knowledge concerning the great war President. Thus very many items of interest were forced upon my notice which have probably never yet been published Milkmen, housemaids, grocers' delivery boys, nursegirls and clerks—all who had come into contact with him in any manner—had their impressions of his character

A Green, Awkward Gosling

I well remember the first item of interest I happened on. On this particular occasion I was seeking for information concerning the subject of this article, and particularly of his career as a rail-splitter, as I chanced to be in the vicinity of the celebrated farm on which the work was said to have been done I was informed that an old man, then dying of cancer, knew him at that time, and I hastened to his bedside. I did not obtain exactly what I sought, but I did get a little light on his personality at a much earlier period of his life. When I told the old gentleman my errand he at once became interested, in spite of his very evident suffering. He stated that it was a mistake, however, to suppose that he had known Lincoln in Illinois. He had seen him but once, in fact, that he could recall, and that was in Indiana when he (Lincoln) was a mere boy.

"My wife," said he, "was a weaver—on one of those old-fashioned handlooms. One time Mrs. Lincoln, Abe's mother, who was a distant neighbor of ours, engaged my wife to weave a rag carpet for her. Well, she sent a bag full of carpetballs over to our house by Abe, and I was at home when he came. I should think he was about fifteen years old at the time. I recollect that his pants legs and coat sleeves were too short for him. He was long, gangling, and, in short"—here he raised himself up in bed with great effort, and continued—"in short, he was the greenest, awkwardest gosling that ever went on two legs!"

Hereupon the old man, moaning with pain, sank back exhausted

That Lincoln had elements of greatness in his character seems not to have been recognized by any of his associates at Springfield during his earlier manhood I heard an old citizen of that city remark on this fact to a group of old settlers. Said he

"How little we know one another, anyhow! I suppose that if we had been told forty or fifty years ago that out of the inhabitants of our city at that time there would arise one whose fame would fill the whole world, Lincoln would have been among the last of those whom any of us would have selected as the possible coming man

In this opinion all present concurred

Douglas and Lincoln at the Corner Grocery

During Lincoln's earlier career at the bar in Springfield a number of men, afterward of national repute, were his familiar acquaintances. Shields, Douglas and Baker were among these. A certain convenient corner grocery is still remembered as a customary place of meeting of these men, among others, as a "loafing-place." Such was the custom among citizens in many country towns of that day, and still is.

A frequenter of this place declared that before the days of their political prominence he had not infrequently seen Douglas seated on Lincoln's knee, for want of a better seat, and sometimes with one arm about the latter's neck to keep from falling off his somewhat unstable perch

A gentleman, referring to this period of Springfield's growth, and to the number of men afterward more or less prominent in national affairs who then resided at the Capital, recalled a certain sleigh ride indulged in by the élite of the young city, in which hardly less than half a dozen of such men (whom he named) were members of the party of merrymakers. Lincoln's name was not on the list. After a pause he said to his listeners

"Now, you are all wondering where Lincoln was on that occasion. Well, in the light of subsequent events it sounds queer enough, but the fact is that we considered ourselves a 'tony' crowd, and that Lincoln, although an extremely clever and well liked fellow, was hardly up to our standard of gentility!"

An old man, in recounting his earlier experiences, stated that as a boy he carried milk to the Lincoln family on Eighth Street. He recalls the fact that whenever he met Lincoln on these trips the latter spoke in a fatherly manner to him, seeming to go out of his way for the pleasure of doing so. He remembers particularly that one time Lincoln was sick and in bed when he arrived with the milk, and while the girl was washing his milk bucket he called him to his bedside and, stretching out his long right arm, placed his hand caressingly on his boyish head. This, the narrator said, he could recall as vividly as though it had been done but yesterday.

An old lady resident of Springfield stated that she had lived on the same corner ever since she was a girl and had seen him years before pass and repass almost every day.

"And I remember once," said she, "seeing him going home to dinner. He was

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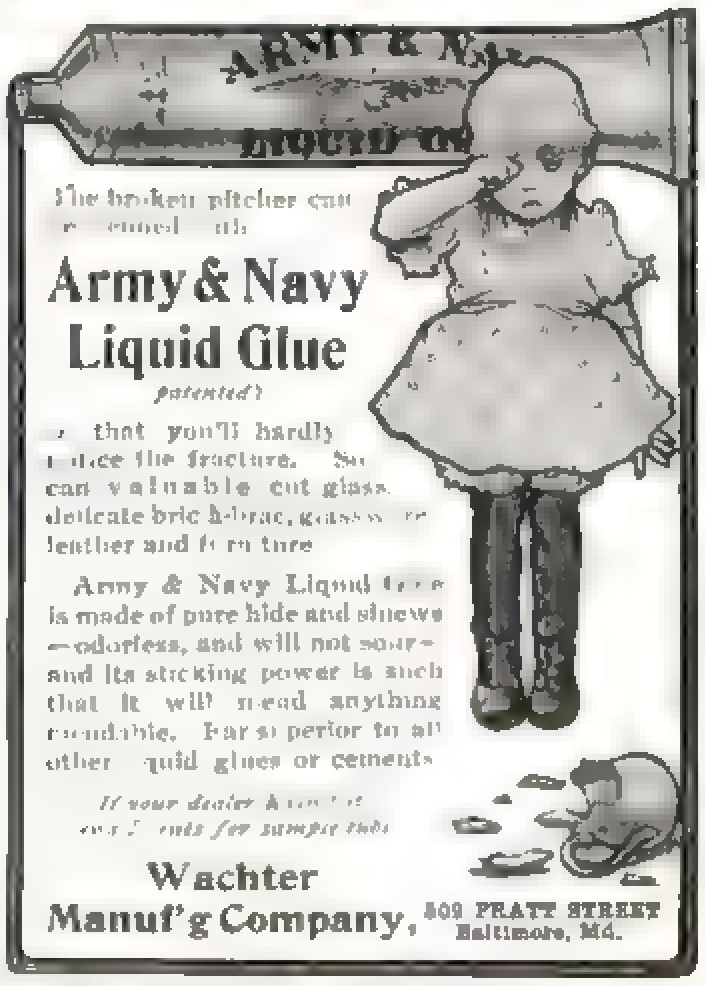

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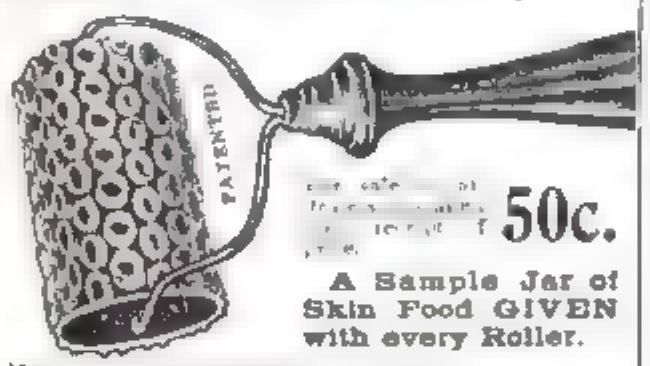

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striding down the street with his gaze bent on the ground as if in deep thought, one long arm swinging at full length, while with the elbow of the other he clasped tightly a loaf of bread against his side. Right on that corner over there was a group of boys playing marbles. As he passed their voices grew loud and angry, presaging a possible fight. Lincoln suddenly stopped, and, after listening a moment, strode into their midst, saying:

"'Here, boys, I believe I can straighten out this tangle for you.' He thereupon proceeded to institute an inquiry into the matter of dispute. The boys readily accepted his arbitration and on his recommendation began the game anew. As soon as all was going smoothly again he picked up his loaf of bread, which he had placed on the sidewalk, chucked it under his arm, and went on his way."

She testified that he thus often acted in the capacity of peacemaker.

The greatest day of triumph in Abraham Lincoln's career, with very little doubt, is one of which, so far as the writer knows, too little notice has been taken. It was the day of the ratification, at Springfield, of his first nomination—some time in August, 1860. Many and many a time have old settlers insisted that never, before nor since, has the Capital seen such a dense or such an enthusiastic crowd. In fact trainloads of people came into the edge of the city and went away again rather than attempt to get "downtown"; this, at least, the writer was assured, was the case with the Wabash trains from the South. To describe the day's doings in detail, however, would require a lengthy article devoted to that one occasion, and cannot be thought of in this connection. Moreover, the files of local newspapers of that date seem to be missing, and hence no information can be gleaned from that source. It might be worth while for some one to spend a month in interviewing those who still recollect the stirring event, as in a few more years the details of the great demonstration will not be obtainable.

One incident of the day (possibly not wholly unheard of to the general public) illustrates the boundless enthusiasm of the populace that thronged the streets on that hot August day. It was on this occasion that Lincoln fled on horseback from the fair grounds to escape the pressure of the crowd. An old lady, standing in her cottage yard at the corner of West Grand Avenue and Washington Street of Springfield, as late as 1897, pointed out the very spot in which she stood on that day and witnessed the flight. He fled toward town on a horse hastily taken from a vehicle for the purpose. It seems that he broke from the crowd and started home in a carriage, but that in crossing a muddy stream just outside the fair grounds (where the "rally" was held) the vehicle became disabled and stuck in the mud. The crowd was following and, snatching a horse from its place, he mounted and fled again, pursued by his friends. The old lady declared that Lincoln, at the banquet that night, referred to the incident and she thought actually seemed flattered or pleased by it.

A homely incident of Lincoln's domestic life is related by 'Squire Sears, of Sangamon County, who for a number of years lived on a street corner just opposite to the widely-known Lincoln home at Springfield. Mr. Lincoln had just received a large fee as attorney in some case, and soon afterward had left on a tour with the circuit judge on his usual rounds to hold court in adjoining counties. He was absent some time, and in the mean while Mrs. Lincoln had their house raised one story higher, changing it to its present form and size. It was finished by the time he returned. Mr. Sears was sitting on his own porch and Mrs. Lincoln on the porch of their improved home when Mr. Lincoln hove in sight. On his jaded horse, himself dusty, grimy and travel-worn, Mr. Lincoln approached down the street, but, instead of going to his own home, rode up to the fence near where Mr. Sears sat. Looking about as if a little lost or bewildered, with an indescribable drawl, and loud enough for his wife to hear, he delivered himself as follows:

"Good-evening, sir. Can you—er—tell me—aw—if the widow Lincoln lives anywhere around in these parts?"

Now, in deference to historical, or at least traditional, accuracy, your correspondent is compelled to testify right here that deponent further saith that from the vicinity of the opposite porch there rang out like a rifle-shot words which sounded (as nearly as he can recall) very much like:

"Shut your mouth, you old fool, and come home!"

This is not an inappropriate place to make a statement which is offered with some hesitation, but is strictly true, and that is, that

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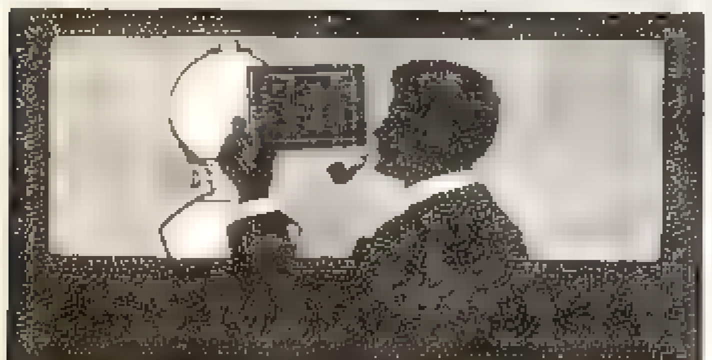

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though of dozens of people who spoke of the Lincoln family in the half-score of years during which these incidents were gathered, not one had an ill word for him; only two during the same time spoke a good word for his wife. She was universally and distinctly unpopular with the common people. Of the only two favorable comments made, one was by a woman who said that as a child she was the recipient of much kindness at the hands of Mrs. Lincoln, who was good to all the children of the neighborhood. The other was by a man who insisted (and he was undoubtedly correct in this position) that Mrs. Lincoln was little known and greatly misunderstood by the masses. He averred that she, being of aristocratic feeling and training, was not comprehended by the people, and furthermore, that, being a bundle of disordered nerves, her actions at times were sufficiently erratic to explain the origin of many uncanny reports. Despite her unpopularity, however, no word of disrespect for the essentials of her character was ever uttered.

That Lincoln's jokes were often witty and pointed is as widely known as his propensity to indulge in them. Some of them, however, seem to have been merely uncouth ebullitions of fun, the play of a propensity for humor as huge and ungainly as the caperings of an elephant. Among such may be classed one that for a time puzzled his colored friends and neighbors. One of the latter, a man by the name of Donnegan, a cobbler, of Springfield, stated that the negroes of that place were once thrown into confusion and consternation by a report that Lincoln seemed to have publicly renounced sentiments favoring emancipation, even though it were legally in his power to bring such an act about. It was stated that he had even gone so far as to declare, in an informal speech in the courthouse square in that very city, that he would not free the slaves if he could. The charge was too well verified to admit a doubt and too serious to be ignored. His very words were repeated. They were, "If I were President, and an emancipation bill should pass Congress, I'd be the last man to sign it."

Mr. Donnegan declared that the negroes were greatly agitated by the report. The epithet of "nigger worshiper" had been flung time and again at their champion — was he weakening? Such were the ponderings amongst the colored people, and much gloom prevailed.

One day Mr. Lincoln came into the barber shop of Mr. Donnegan's brother to be shaved. As usual, he was willing to chat, and finally the barber mustered up courage to ask the prospective President if he had really uttered the words attributed to him.

"Now, Tom," was his reply, "did you get caught on that fool gag?"

"Well, that's what they say that you said!"

"Sure enough I said it. So I should. Who's the last man to sign all bills passed by Congress, Tom? Isn't it the President?"

The "guffaw" that followed after a few moments of silence may be imagined. The cloud was lifted and Lincoln's popularity among local colored men fully reestablished.

I confess that because of its seeming improbability I was reluctant to record the foregoing anecdote, but it was related in all seriousness, stood all the tests of reliability I was able to apply, and inasmuch as it certainly is one of the stories locally afloat concerning the President, I let it go for what it is worth. If he ever did use the grotesque pun he did it to avoid a discussion he did not care to enter into at that time.

Of course, innumerable people recollect the celebrated joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, who, it must not be forgotten, had met familiarly around the stove at the corner grocery (as related above) before they met in the political arena. The comment of one old gentleman was that two men of more opposite demeanor and mental characteristics could hardly have been picked out. Douglas, small, wiry, vehement, talking at times until he frothed at the mouth, reminded him of a rat terrier. Lincoln, tall, slender, always absolutely cool and calm, was the personification of the greyhound. Each was widely known in Central Illinois by his first name — Stephen and Abe.

At one of these meetings, it is stated, Douglas had spoken first, and had evidently made a most profound impression on his auditors by his arguments. When he sat down it was plain that no easy task was before Lincoln to get the sympathy of his audience. After a few minutes of silent and expectant waiting, during which all eyes were upon Lincoln where he sat, seemingly in profound thought, he began very deliberately to rise. Slowly he unwound his great length until he stood a full height before the silent

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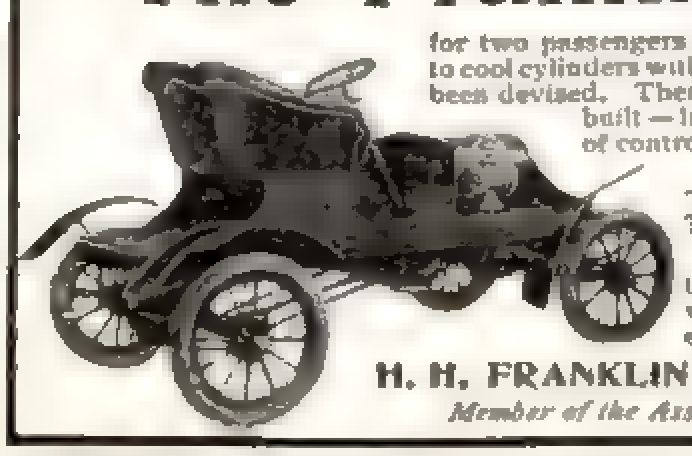

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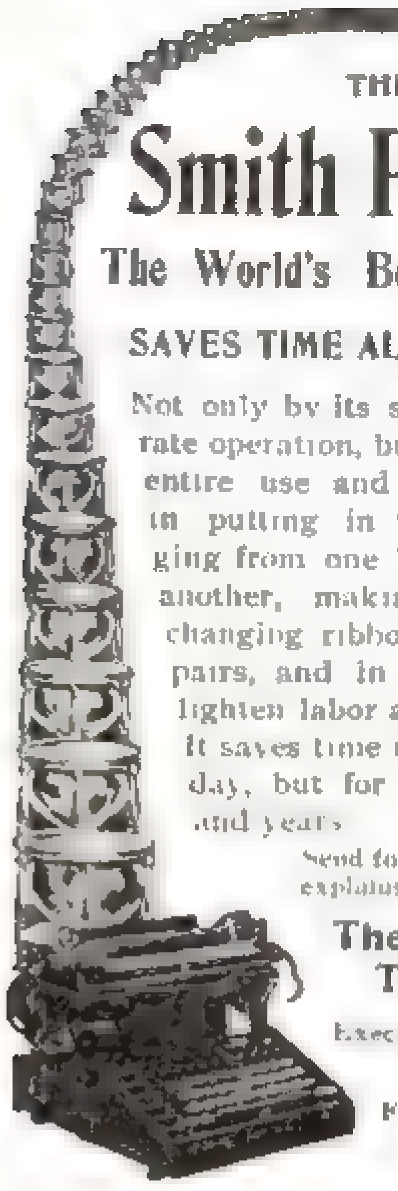

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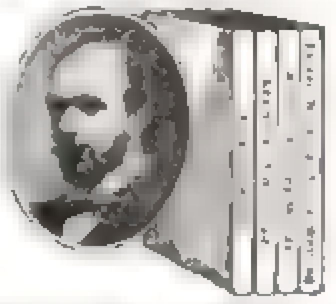

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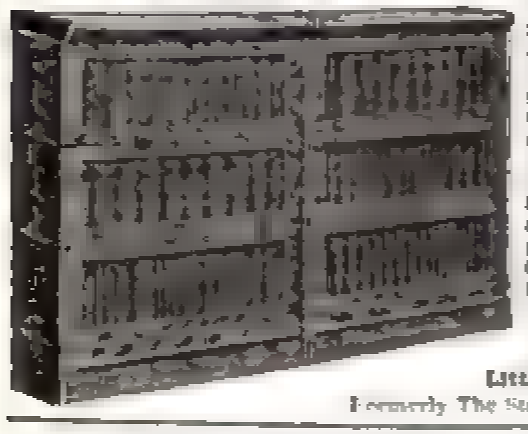

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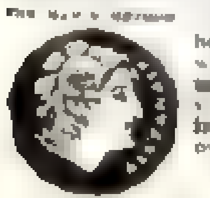

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throng. Quite unperturbed by the crisis of the moment he leisurely removed his linen duster, and, reaching it back to one of the men behind him, remarked, "Here, hold my coat while I stone Stephen!"

The tension of the occasion was at once relieved by a roar of laughter which was followed by cheers, thus putting him in touch with his hearers from the start. Whether the remark was from a pure impulse of humor or was a well-calculated stroke of policy may not be known, but the advantage that it gave him can easily be imagined.

What may be denominated as Lincoln's unchangeableness of character was a quality his old neighbors greatly appreciated. With one voice they declare that always and everywhere he was the same genial, unassuming man so well known to fame. Even after his election to the Presidential office his relations to his milkman or to his grocer's delivery boy were absolutely unchanged. The President-elect hailed the butcher's cart if he found it going his way, and mounted to his seat by the driver, wholly untrammeled by any conventional ideas of official dignity. And there was absolutely no affectation of democracy in these acts—this is beyond dispute

In an interview at his home in the western part of Springfield, almost within a stone's throw of the camp ground on which Grant drilled his first regiment for the Civil War, General McConnel contributed an interesting incident of Mr. Lincoln's life, illustrating the characteristic under consideration. Said he

"After Lincoln had been some years at the White House I had occasion to go to Washington on semi-official business connected with army matters. I was asked by several citizens of Springfield to call on the President, our old neighbor. Well, now, I confess that, in spite of his well known character, I had some misgivings as to what reception I might meet with. Although we had been on familiar terms for years, I could not forget that he had been exalted to one of the highest executive offices of the world, and that in that position he was the most important personage among statesmen from all over the United States, and was familiar with diplomats from all over the world. Under such circumstances who could wonder if a sense of personal importance should grow upon him? And more than that—I was a Democrat, and, of course, knew that he was aware of it. So I didn't feel quite easy as to the interview. Well, I called. He was closeted with other callers, I did not know whom, so I was seated in a waiting-room while my card was taken in. A few moments later the door was suddenly flung open and in stalked Lincoln. As I arose he grasped my hand in both of his and exclaimed: 'Why, Mac, how are you? Say! I haven't a minute to spare, but you stay right here till I am through with those fellows in there. I want to ask you about yourself and all the old Springfield friends!'

"He was not changed one iota. He was the same hearty, simple, unaffected man he had always been. He was the only man I ever knew on whom marked success or promotion did not seem to make any change whatever, and I have had considerable chance to observe such effects in my army experience."

If the writer of this article were asked what characteristic of Lincoln seemed most universally to have impressed his acquaintances, especially those of the humbler sort, such as those from whom these few reminiscences have chiefly been gathered, he could answer without a moment's hesitation. It was his kind-heartedness. They laugh at his jokes, brag of his honesty, take pride in his fame and in his unaffected treatment of all as his equals, but he lingers in the minds of the humble masses because of his great heart. Over and over again, in the course of the conversations which form the basis of this article, the old settler interviewed ended his comments on Mr. Lincoln's life by the exclamation, "He was such a kind man!" More than his humor, more than his shrewdness, more than his grotesque and picturesque figure, does his universal kindness live in the memories of those with whom he came oftenest in contact. "He was such a kind man!" is the utmost of eulogy they seem able to pronounce.

In view of his simple, rugged character I am often impressed with the incongruity of the elaborately-wrought symbolical ornaments on his tomb. Above that honored grave might well tower merely a solid shaft of unhewn granite, bearing the inscription, "With malice toward none and charity for all." Such a monument would most fitly symbolize the endurance of his fame, and those immortal words of his express the very essence of his character.

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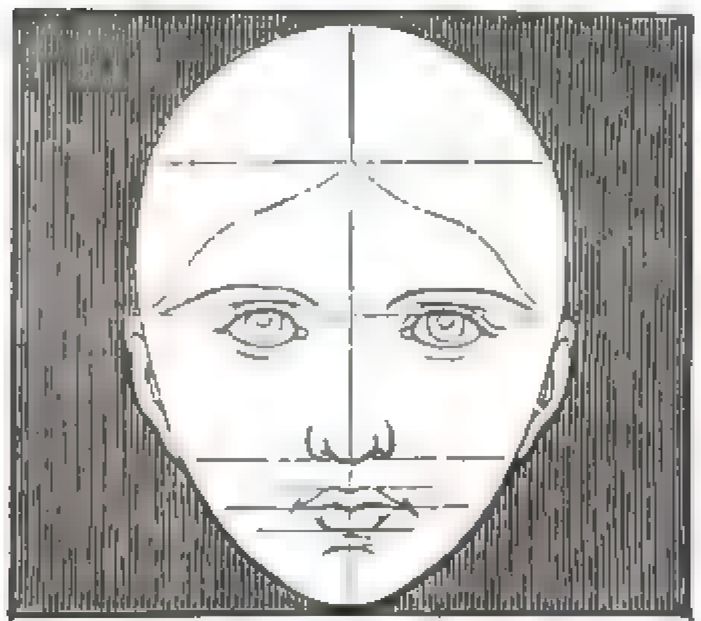

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CONTENTS

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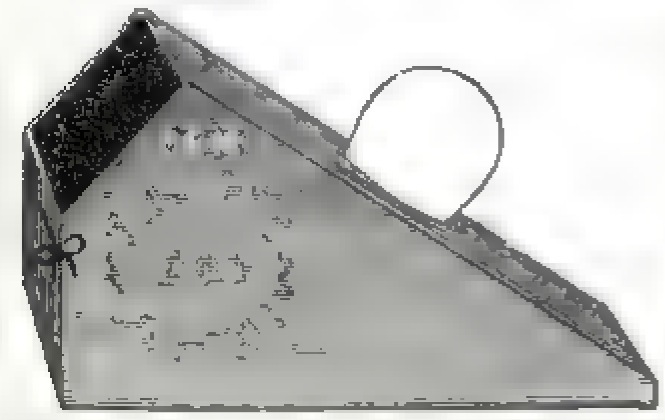

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The Reading Table

An Effervescent Reply

DURING his last visit to the United States on leave of absence, Mr. Choate, our Ambassador at London, told the following story in refutation of the time-honored fallacy that women have no sense of humor:

According to Mr. Choate, a certain British official, having in charge a state function of great ceremony, had been at much pains to take such measures as would render the reception as imposing and dignified as possible. With this end in view he had ordained that only guests of a certain rank should be permitted to approach the portion of the hall reserved for royalty and then only through certain designated doors. To these blue tickets were issued; to others of inferior rank, white tickets.

It chanced that, through some mistake, an important public man received a blue card while his wife received a white one. When the pair reached the audience chamber trouble began to brew, for the lady firmly declined to be separated from her husband. An aide-de-camp endeavored to reason with her touching the matter, and to explain the commotion that would ensue if blue and white were suffered to mingle together. But the fair one was equal to the occasion.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed she, pressing forward. "What do you take us for—a Seidlitz powder?"

This was too much for the aide, and the lady was permitted to go her own way.

As Directed

THERE was current in Washington, at the time of the announcement of the exclusion of American meats from Germany, an amusing story in which figured a certain scientist of the Department of Agriculture.

It appears that the scientist was desirous of securing some trichinous pork for purposes of experiment in connection with his official work. Accordingly he went to a butcher and asked him if he had any "measly" pork. The butcher replied rather cautiously that he did sometimes have such pork, but that he invariably threw it away.

"I wish," said the professor, "that the next time such pork comes into your hands that you would send me some."

The butcher was rather nonplused by such a request, but replied that he would endeavor to accede to the scientist's request.

A week or two elapsed with no signs of the pork; whereupon the man of science grew impatient, again visited the butcher's establishment, and asked:

"Well, haven't you found any 'measly' pork yet?"

"Why, yes!" responded the butcher, astonished; "I sent you a pound and a half some time ago!"

A light broke upon the absent-minded professor as he remembered that he had inadvertently omitted to direct that the pork should be sent to his laboratory. "Well," he said finally, a rather sickly smile coming to his lips—"well, where did you send it?"

"Why, sir," said the butcher, "to your house, of course!"

Three of a Kind

EX-SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER, of Montana, Clerk McDowell, of the House of Representatives, and Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, are all about the same size in stature. Each has a tuft of white whiskers on the chin, with cleanly-shaven upper lip, and all three are full of fun and enjoy a good joke. Once they were at a jolly dinner in the city of Washington. The presiding officer of the organization solemnly called for these gentlemen to arise. Each thought he was going to have a chance to speak. After they had been standing some moments the chairman said: "I wish to call the attention of all present to the finest collection of billygoat whiskers to be found on the American continent."

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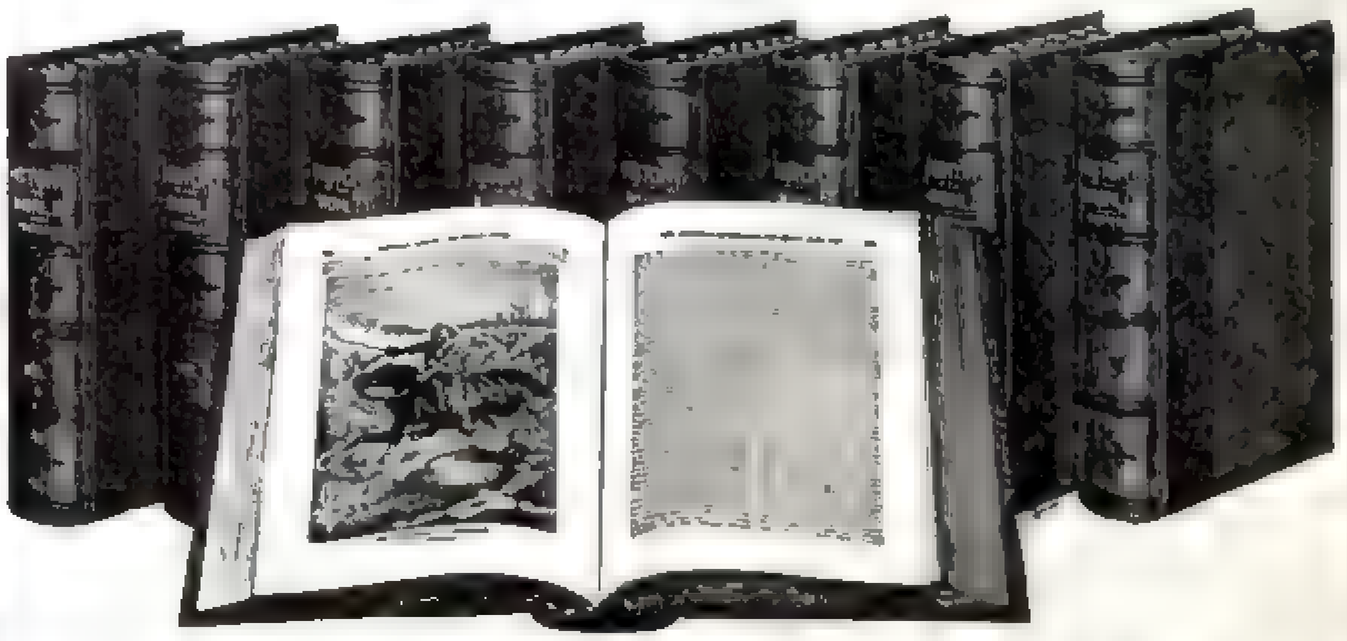

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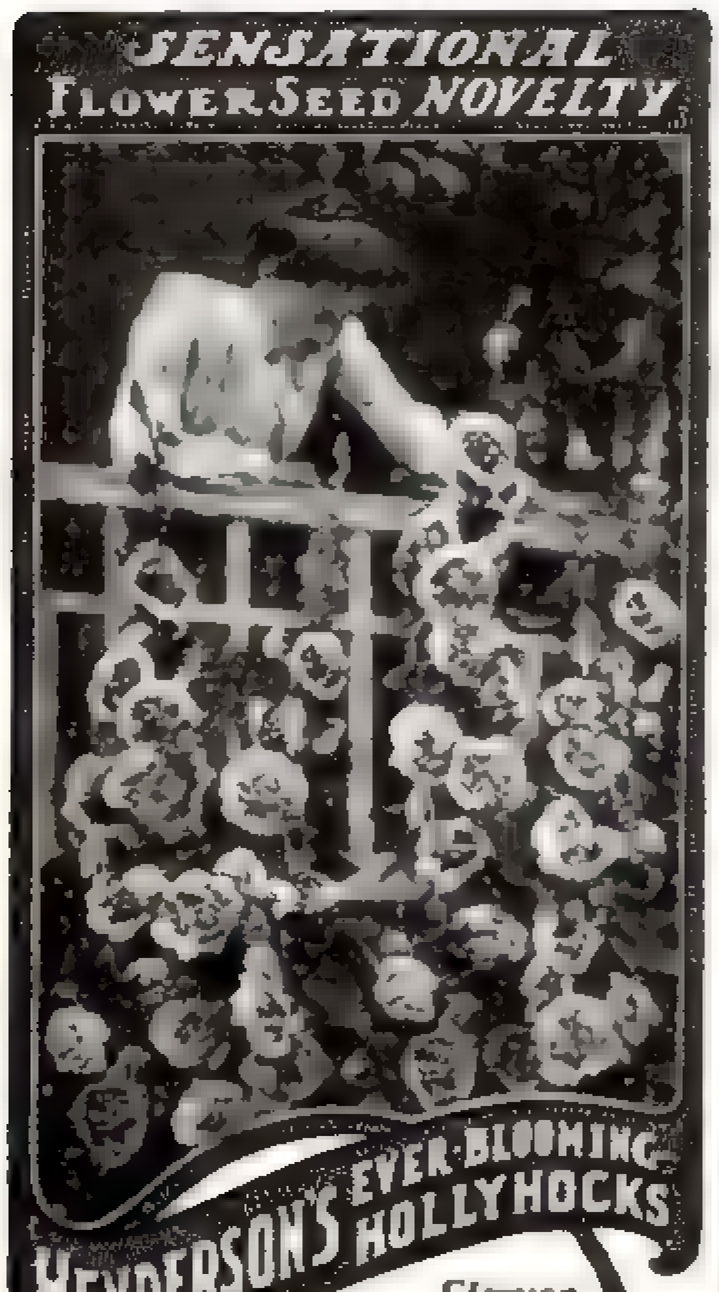

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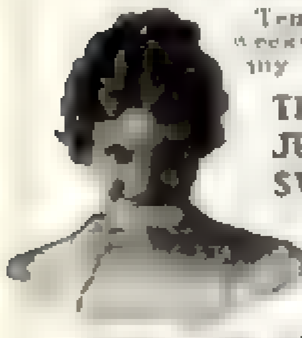

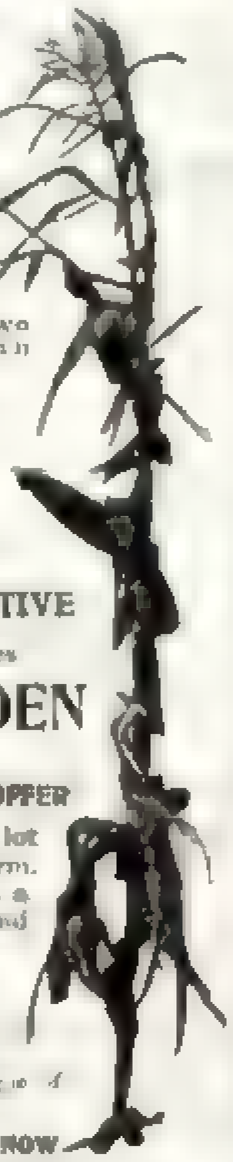

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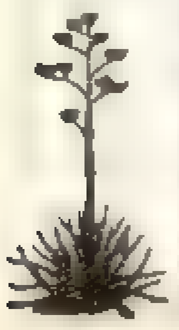

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The Vanderbilt Lines

Continued from Page 11

country and the Mississippi Valley are, or ought to be, vitally interested in the question of Gulf transportation for their export grain, but they know nothing about the roads that supply their Gulf outlet; not so however, the Vanderbilts. From month to month, week to week if need be, they know the exact physical condition of every road to the Gulf of Mexico—their own rivals in the transportation of grain to the seaboard. If a Gulf road is so poor in condition and equipment as to be harmless the fact is known at Forty-second Street in New York and every step to better it is there carefully noted. The rise and fall, the growth and decay of every American industry, if it bears even collaterally on railroad interests, is marked by the New York Central lines. Grain, for instance, is their most important eastbound commodity, and Chicago is a great thoroughfare for the grain traffic. Grain is fifty per cent.—one-half—of the entire eastbound business of the Lake Shore from Chicago; yet so incredible are the industrial activities of Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania that this enormous item is but nine per cent. of the total business of the road.

However, 200,000,000 bushels of grain pass through the Chicago gateway in a single year. In the development of this business Chicago elevators have become of huge importance. It is these enormous and picturesque piles, whose proportions mark the skylines of the Chicago sunset, that have been for years a compelling factor in grain transportation. They have stood during a generation as a monument of Chicago industrial enterprise, and but a few years ago the last of them were being built with the bribe of big bonuses to contractors for their rapid completion, and the struggle of men against the elements to make these huge receptacles ready within an imperative limit has been the subject of stirring romance. Within recent years a Chicago road in condemning for terminal purposes the site of a Chicago elevator was compelled in court to cover the ground with gold. To-day it is hardly too much to say that could the railroad have waited it might in time have acquired the site—so far as its value for elevator purposes is concerned—for the taxes. Chicago has an elevator storage capacity of 50,000,000 bushels of grain—the regular houses 37,000,000 bushels and the grain "hospitals," where grain is dried and cleaned or mixed for grades, 13,000,000 bushels. Within recent years there have been as high as 30,000,000 bushels of grain in storage in Chicago. No more tremendous example of the daily readjustment of traffic conditions can be had than in the story of the downfall of the elevators in the economy of transportation. Two years ago these elevators held 12,000,000 bushels; last year their store had shrunk to 9,000,000 bushels; to-day it is 4,000,000 bushels. The fate of the elevator is a revelation of the pitiless movement of The Situation.

There is just as much grain as ever, but prosperity has so intrenched the Western farmer that he is no longer compelled to sell on the day that he threshes out his crop. Moreover the constant trend in railroad affairs is to transport commodities without rehandling. In grain this means a very important economy to the shipper, inasmuch as storage, insurance and delay are quite done away with. The reading public may or may not be familiar with these constantly changing phases of the industrial world; but by the New York Central lines each of them is marked as coolly and as accurately as a doctor at a sick-bed notes a rising or a sinking pulse.

In another way the perfecting of the operating of great railroad systems has made of Americans very strictly a hand-to-mouth people. The last generation laid in its supplies in the fall for the winter, this generation buys from day to day. The country merchant bought then twice a year; he buys now twice a week. Why carry a stock when trains run so often and it has been made so easy to get goods? If within a hundred miles of his jobbers he hardly takes the time to write a letter: he telephones. The traveling man no longer makes a sixty-day trip. He sees his trade once a week or once in two weeks, and covers three or four towns in a day.

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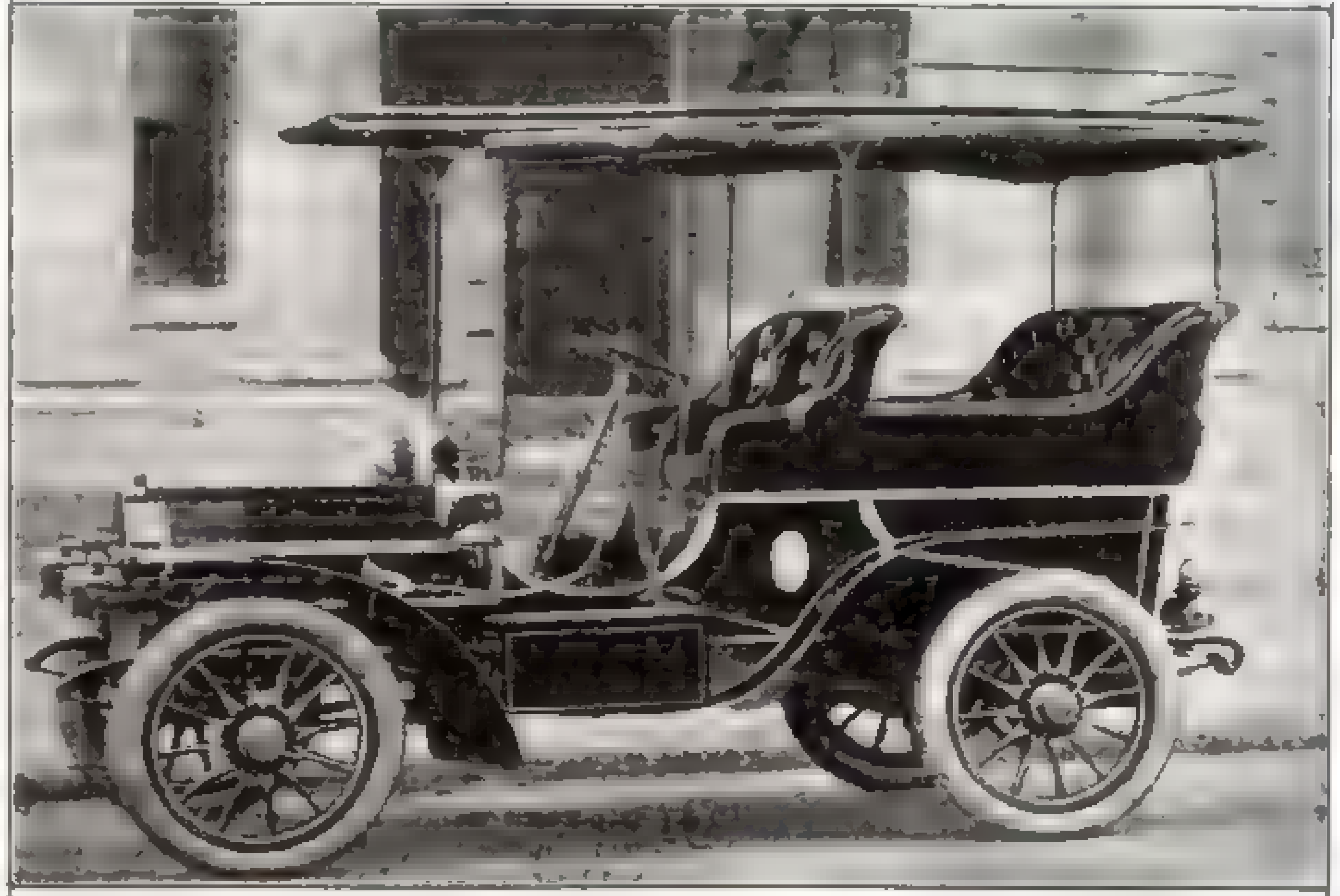

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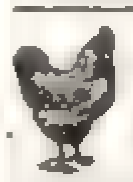

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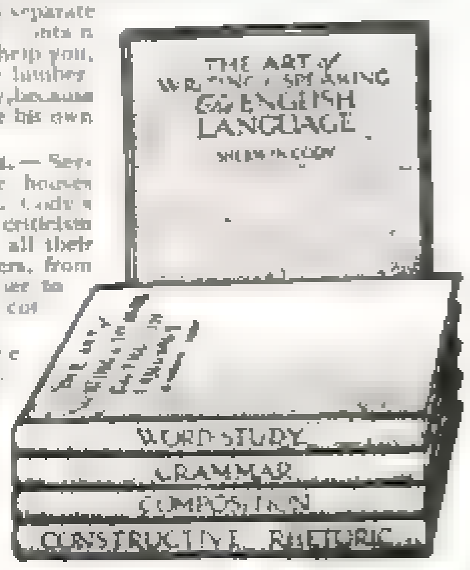

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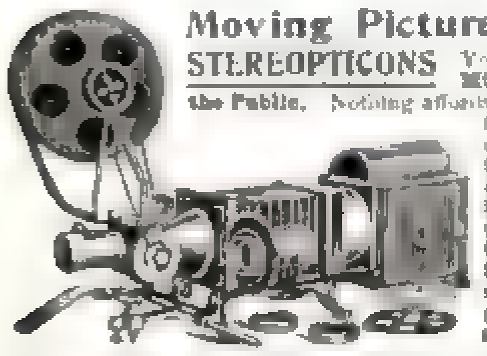

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more the slightest break in their facilities becomes every year a more serious matter. Again such a break causes most unlooked for changes in the whole situation of supply and demand. The anthracite coal strike caused distress to millions of people who depended for fuel on hard coal. But the railroads are like ants; taking no account of damage they set at once about repairing it. Soft-coal roads found in The Situation an opportunity to exploit their fuels, with the result that, a year later, boats laden with anthracite coal could not find room in Chicago to unload their cargoes — their docks being already piled mountain high with hard coal for which there were no customers; the railroad had shown too easy an escape from anthracite annoyance and expense.

Prosperity gives the operating officer even severer test. In the high-tide periods of business every weak spot in the operating department makes itself felt. That is the moment in which reputations take wings, and it is in crises such as these that the Vanderbilt lines have not been found wanting.

Their operation suggests at once the precision of a military discipline. What is most striking is that in their code the rigidity of the martinet is wholly absent. The operating officer of such lines as the New York Central and the Lake Shore has his battalions in the motive power, the car equipment and the division staffs that are under him, and he handles all with an absolute authority. The car and the train movements of his system lie every morning tabulated before him, and this man and his like become, in effect, the field marshals of our daily bread. He moves every day thirty, forty, fifty thousand cars of freight. He divines from his frequent reports the hard-pressed spots in the far-flung lines of his train movements, and with his reserves massed he strengthens his divisions wherever weak spots develop. Nor are these figures of speech in any degree fanciful; they are as hard, as practical as possible. It is no uncommon thing for midnight orders to empty roundhouses at Buffalo, Utica or Syracuse and head a battery of New York Central engines westward to forestall a blockade at a Lake Shore terminal. If the pressure is reversed Lake Shore motive power is thrown with equal celerity into the fight to strengthen car movement on the New York Central. The plan sounds simple but within very recent years railroad systems of high repute in operating have been completely tied up because motive power to move trains was lacking on one division, or on one road of the system, while on another motive power was standing idle in the roundhouses.

Prosperity has for three years put a freight traffic strain on American railroads comparable to a steady World's Fair pressure in passenger movement. The weakest link in the operating chain of all our roads has become under the test so apparent that a competent operating officer has need to say to a railroad owner only this: Show me your terminal facilities and I will give you the earning power of your road. So precisely is this true that there have been times when the entire activities of the Vanderbilt system were restricted to the facilities of their intermediate terminals — when the effective power of so great a railroad as the Lake Shore has been very strictly limited by two freight yards, that at Elkhart, Indiana, and that at Collinwood, Ohio. Hence it is that, turning the attention of railroad operators from the lessening of grades and curves, the struggle to-day is one tremendous endeavor to enlarge terminals, and a Vanderbilt requisition for a new freight-yard calls for half a million dollars here or a million dollars there. Their lines show to-day, with those of the Pennsylvania road, the most interesting examples in the world of terminal improvement, the highest present strategy in railroad competition.

A slight consideration of these besetting "features" of the Eastern railroad situation — the pressure of traffic and operating problems on the various lines as they now stand — will make clear the apparent apathy, so far as new fields of control are concerned, of the most powerful interests in the American railway world. It is more than true that they all have their hands full to keep pace with the overpowering pressure of The Situation as it is reflected in the bursting growth of the country. That they must meet its demands is evident, and to do this may well, as it does, engage all their abilities without time for quarreling over new territory or listening to the promptings of a wider ambition.

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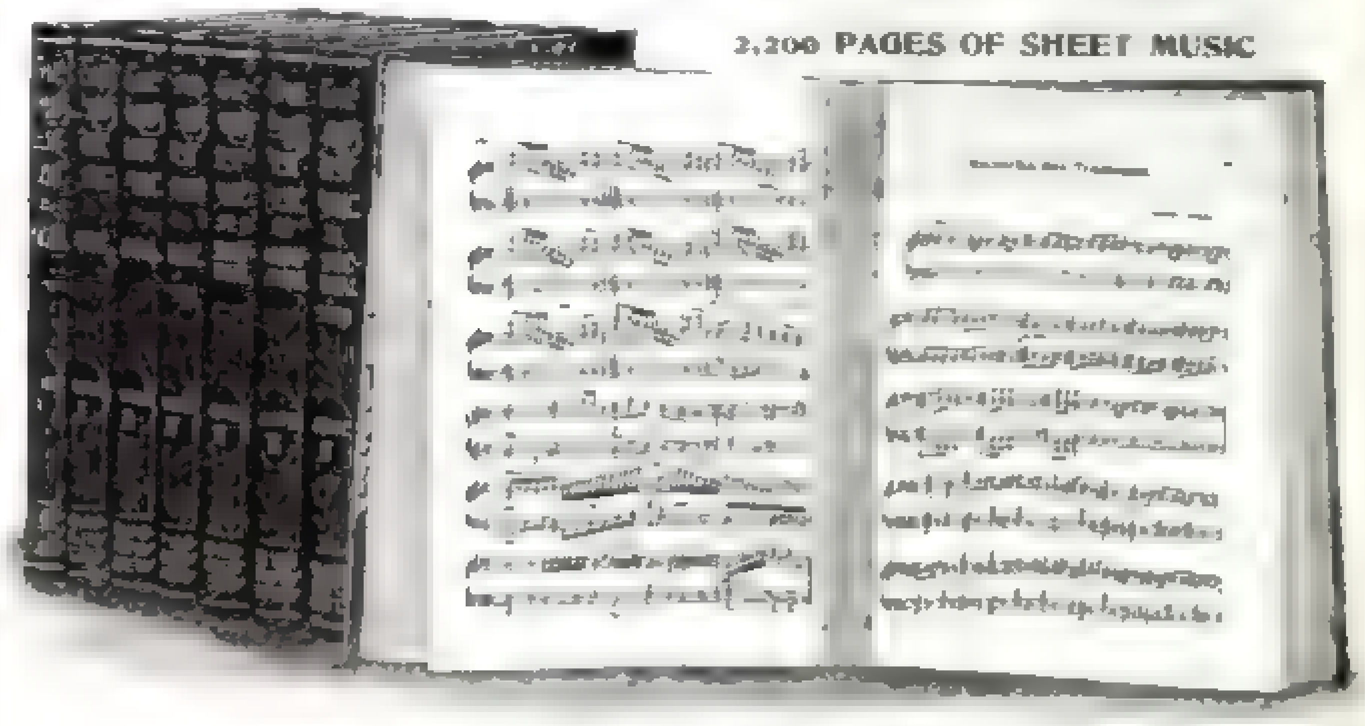

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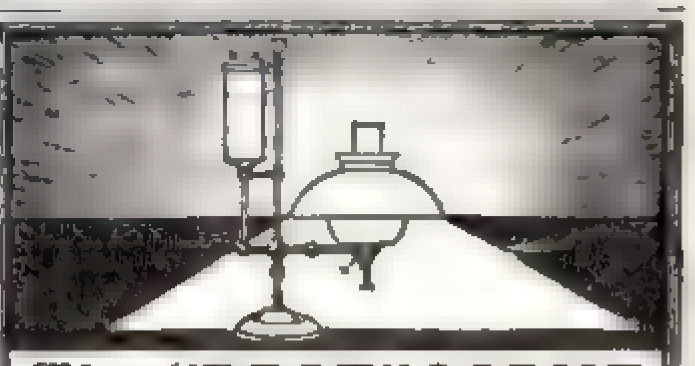

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A Little Union Scout

(Continued from Page [illegible])

or the other, the effect was the same. The silly song struck the home note and sent it vibrating through my brain so invitingly that I was almost sorry that Whistling Jim had played it.

I returned to earth when he ceased playing. He looked hard at me when he had finished, but I did not glance at him. At the other end of the piano, leaning against it, and apparently lost in thought, was the young fellow I had seen in the other room. His cloak was thrown back from his throat, and the red lining gave a picturesque touch to his small, lithe figure. His face was partly in the shadow, but I could see that his expression was one of profound melancholy. He aroused himself at last, and, looking toward me, said with a smile that had no heart in it, "If all the negroes in the South are so gifted you must have a happy time down there."

"So it would seem," I answered, "but this negro is an exception. He tells me that he learned to play while his old mistress was away from home looking after her plantation interests. He can whistle better than he can play."

"He has great gifts," said the lad, "and I trust he is treated accordingly; but I doubt it," and with that he turned away from the piano with a snap of thumb and finger that sounded for all the world like a challenge. He turned and went swaggering across the room, and seated himself in the rocking chair of which I have spoken. In a word, and with a snap of the finger, he had thrown mud at the whole South, and with no more excuse than I should have had had I made an attack on the North. Yet curiosity, and not irritation, was uppermost in my mind.

His conduct was so puzzling that I determined to have another taste of it if possible, and so discover what he would be at. So I went back to the fire and took a seat close to his elbow, while Whistling Jim passed around his hat, as was his custom when he played for company. He held it out to all except the young fellow and myself, and then returned to the piano and played for his own amusement, but so softly that conversation could flow on undisturbed.

I had a good look at the lad, and liked him all the better. His face had in it that indescribable quality—a touch of suffering or of sorrow—that always draws me, and I thought how strange it was that he should sit there ignorant of the fact that a word or two would make me his friend for life. I had a great pity for him, and there arose in me the belief that I had met him before, but whether in reality or only in a dream I could not make out. It was a foolish and a romantic notion, but it nibbled around my mind so persistently that I turned my gaze on the fire and fell into reflections that were both teasing and pleasing.

While thus engaged I suddenly became aware of the fact that the young fellow was fingering at the worn place on the chair arm. Conversation was going on very briskly. The genial landlord, who had joined the group at the fire, was relating to a listening and an eager guest another story of the almost superhuman performances of the Union scout, Leroy, when suddenly the lad arose from the rocker and began to search the floor with his eyes. He had had the color of youth in his cheeks, in spite of the swarthiness of his skin, and I had admired the combination—your light-haired man is for everything that has a touch of the brunette—but now he had gone white.

As he stooped to search under my chair I jumped up and drew it back politely. "Pardon me for disturbing you," he said; "I have lost a paper."

"Is it of importance?" I inquired, endeavoring to show an interest in the matter.

"You would hardly think so," he replied. "It involves the safety of a woman." I regarded him with unfeigned astonishment, and he, in turn, looked at me with a face as full of anger and disappointment as I had ever beheld.

"Why, you young rascal!" I exclaimed; "what do you know of me that you should speak so? For less than nothing I'll give you a strapping and send you to your daddy."

"You couldn't do me a greater service. He is in Heaven." You may imagine my feelings, if you can, when, as he said this, he turned toward me a countenance from which all feeling had died out save that of sadness. If he had plunged a knife in my vitals he could

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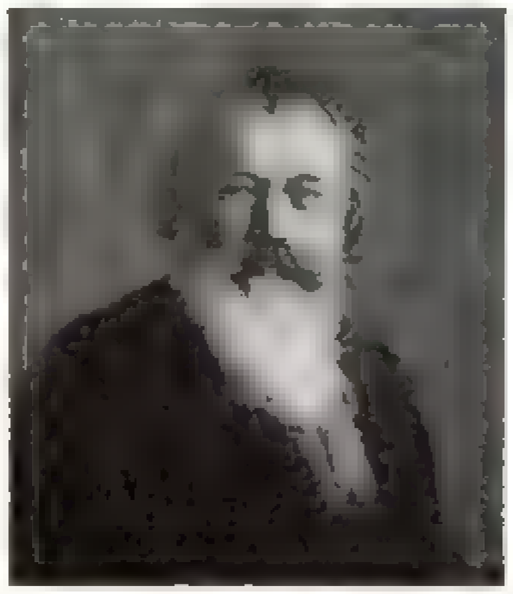

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not have hurt me worse. "Well, sir," he insisted, "proceed with your strapping."

"You are more than even with me, my lad," I said, "and I humbly apologize for my words. But why should you be so short with one who certainly wishes you no harm?"

"I am unable to tell you. You seem to be always smiling, while I am in trouble: perhaps that is why I am irritable." He looked at me hard as he resumed his seat in the rocker, and again I had the curious feeling that I had met him somewhere before—perhaps in some sphere of former existence. Memory, however, refused to disgorge the details, and I could only gaze helplessly into the fire.

After a little the lad hitched his chair closer to mine, and I could have thanked him for that. He drew on his glove and drew it off again. "Will you shake hands with me?" he inquired. "I feel that I am all to blame." As I took his hand in mine I could but notice how small and soft it was.

"No, you are not all to blame," I said. "I am ill-mannered by nature."

"I never will believe it," he declared with something like a smile. "No, it is not so."

Before I could make any reply in walked Jasper Goodrum, of the Independents, and, following hard at his heels, was the man who had the appearance of a prize fighter. This last comer appeared to be in a state of great excitement, and his brutal, overbearing nature was clearly in evidence. He walked across the room to my lad—I was now beginning to feel a proprietary interest in him—and seized him roughly by the arm.

"Come 'ere!" he said, and his voice was thick with anger. "You've got more 'n you bargained for. Come into the next room, you better had! Say, ain't you comin'?" He tried to pull the lad along, but the youngster was not to be pulled.

"Don't you touch me!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare to put your hands on me. You have lied to me, and that is enough." The short haired man was almost beside himself with anger, and I could see that the lad would be no match for him. He was not at all frightened, but when he turned his eyes toward me, with a little smile, I saw the face of Jane Ryder, the little lady I had seen in a top-buggy on her way to carry aid to Jack Bledsoe. And instantly I was furious with a blind rage that stung me like a thousand hornets.

I rose and slapped the ruffian on the shoulder in a way that would have knocked an ordinary man down. "You dirty brute!" I cried, "say to me what you have to say to the lad!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

The Political Promotion of Mr. Parker

(Continued from Page 13)

Tammany three-fifths of the town's Democracy while Mr McCarren with the Brooklyn contingent cracks the thong of mastery over two-fifths. Between these tribes subsists such love and brotherly agreement as formerly obtained between the Wyandottes and the Mohawks, when those children of the forest waved ensanguined tomahawks up and down the Hudson.

Now, while Mr. Murphy and his followers for the good of Mr. McClellan have been eating banquets and taking the name of Mr. Cleveland in vain (without that gentleman's consent), Mr. McCarren has not dozed upon his throne. He, too, with his men of Kings, has taken to himself a candidate. In this instance—and it evidences the serious, deep-sea sort of Mr. McCarren—the candidate is Mr. Parker.

There is but one query: Can Mr. Parker capture New York? If he have a majority of the delegation he will have all, since the unit rule is to prevail. The sole question is a question of Mr. Parker's conquest of New York; for as related, and as Mr. Gorman himself would tell you, it is settled that as goes New York so will go the convention and the nomination also.

"Will you have charge of Mr. Parker's interests?" I asked Mr. McCarren.

"I shall consider nothing else," said he, "from now until the close of the coming convention."

This, taken with those canal retrogressions of Mr. Gorman, gave Mr. Parker's candidacy

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a gravity it had never worn. From a vague, secondary figure Mr. Parker had moved into a commanding lead

"But he's not known," said I after a pause.

"No man was ever injured by that," returned Mr. McCarren. "Besides, it is known that he is Chief Justice of New York's highest court, which should go some distance toward establishing him as a man of honesty and brains He has cut no swath in national politics, but that ought not to hurt him. It strikes me, in fact, that this year will be decidedly a Franklin Pierce occasion."

Mr McCarren is spare and lean of figure, with smooth face hollowed cheek and angular jaws — a face and frame like those of the great Lincoln. Mr. McCarren in height is three inches above six feet — which is an advantage. The world has long ago agreed that he who is six feet tall or more is deeply sapient. The world believes in the wisdom of tall men

Mr. McCarren has the gift of decision Once upon a time a very successful homicide, dwelling for the moment in West Las Animas — he has been hanged since and his residence clouded with doubt — told me that the hardest thing to decide was when to shoot One must not shoot too soon, for there was the law; one must not shoot too late or one might not shoot at all. Between Too-soon and Too-late, however, abode a golden moment when your true genius would bring his gun to the front explosively

In politics Mr. McCarren knows when to shoot. Withal, he shoots low and accurately He demonstrated his knowledge of when to shoot, as well as his precision, when he drove Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Shevlin and those others into exile, and took from them their Brooklyn leaderships

This masterful feat fixed with admiration the cold eye of local politicians But Mr McCarren followed it with deeds to overshadow even that. At the polls he carried Brooklyn for the Democrats when the wisest were wagering gold by the sack that the Republicans would sweep it with from twenty thousand to forty thousand. Mr. McCarren said he would carry Brooklyn, carry it by fifteen hundred; and he hazarded his coined money of the realm he would. Against him stood all Democratic and Republican mankind, talking and betting their money the other way

Mr McCarren was right; the finale showed that he had reasons for the hope within him. Mr. McCarren carried Brooklyn by sixteen hundred, and thereby gained distinction and forty thousand wagered dollars besides.

Mr. McCarren is not only the Boss of Brooklyn, but the Boss of his party in the State Senate. He has been in the Senate and Assembly for a quarter of a century. He knows every Democrat of moment, every railroad, every manufacturing or banking or insurance company by its given name. Also, his word is absolute. His yes is yes, his no is no, and never came the man to say that Mr. McCarren broke a promise or betrayed a faith

Mr. McCarren is not a poor man; he is a millionaire, and more. Withal, he is on terms with others, many others, who count their warm riches in seven numerals. And because of those virtues of force and place and finance owned by Mr. McCarren, and because of those coigns of strategic advantage possessed by Mr. McCarren in his double character of Senate Boss and Boss of Brooklyn, and because Mr. McCarren is best among leaders just as Mr. Parker is best among candidates throughout the State, Mr. McCarren will win and Mr. Parker be the convention selection of New York. Thus stands the array — at least with no present reason to anticipate a change

In closing, one might mention that Mr. McCarren's one passion is a hatred of Mr Hill. This should hardly injure him with any save Mr. Hill. There be moments when I marvel that one of the courage and wit and money integrity of Mr. Hill should forge nothing from such advantages but dire failure

Yet, so he does Is it because he is a bachelor? I recall no lasting victories by bachelors. The Cæsars, and Cromwells, and Napoleons, and Washingtons of my acquaintance all had wives. Bacon is the only one who argues in ink the other way; and he was trying to toss a back-handed bouquet to Queen Elizabeth, which royal spinster would have suffered a shock had her "Young Lord Keeker" declared the opposite. I should say it was a truism that, in every field of endeavor, the Theseus who would thread the Cretan labyrinth to slay a Minotaur must have his Ariadne with her clue of silk.

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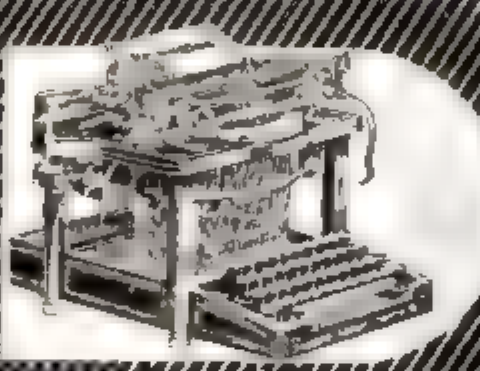

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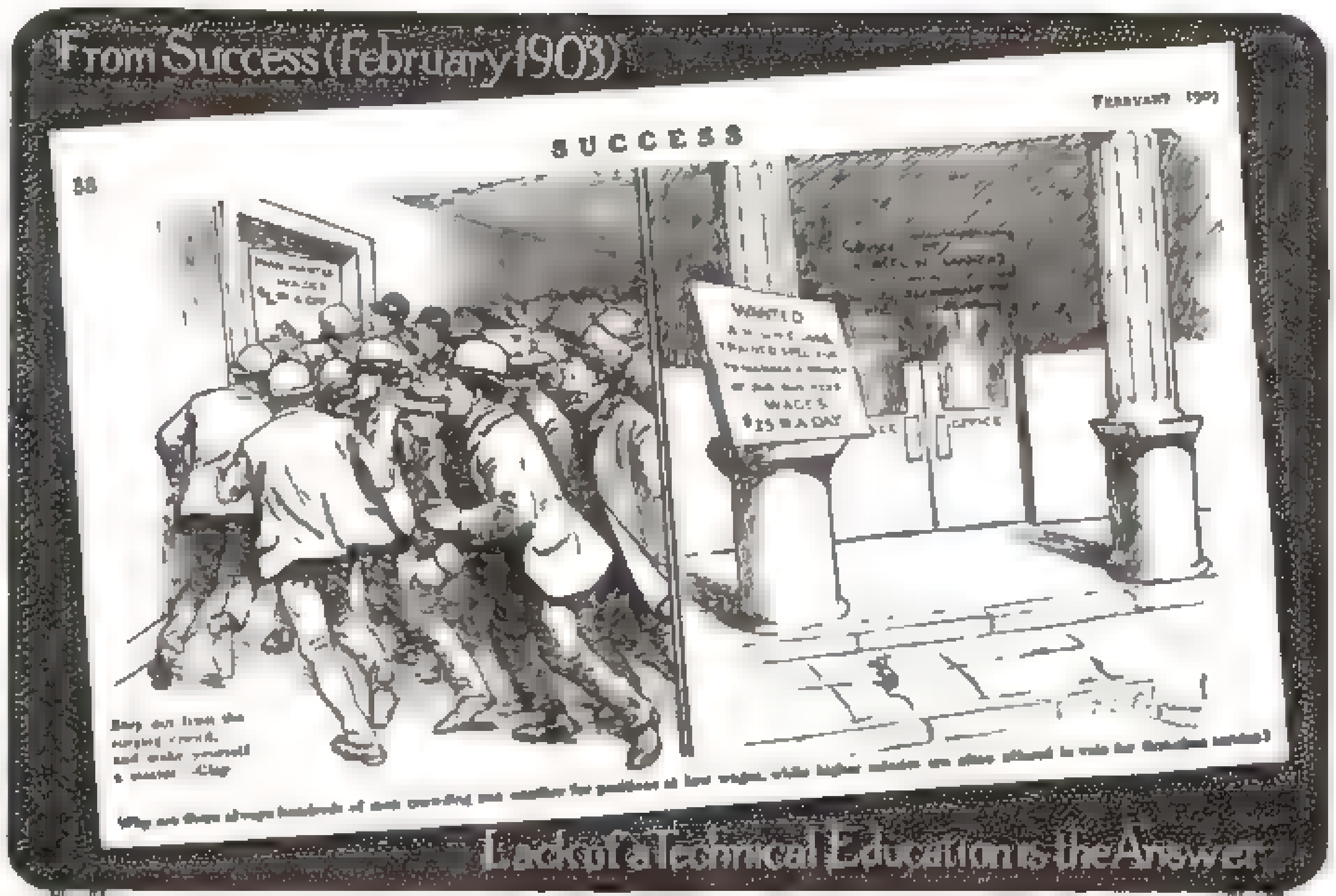
From Success (February 1903)



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MISS ROSE VALENTE

"When I first wrote to you I had no idea that bookkeeping could be learned so thoroughly and so easily by correspondence. My friends laughed at the idea, and I had always thought it necessary to attend a business college to learn bookkeeping, but such is positively not the case. I devoted from one half hour to an hour to the study each evening, and in three weeks' time I had a much better knowledge of bookkeeping than the average student who attends a business college during the same period. I know this to be true, because I questioned a young man who was taking a course in a first-class business college, and he did not begin to have the practical information I had.

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"I inclose an express money order to pay my tuition. Your offer is certainly a fair one. I should like to know the business college that will allow its students to pay their tuition after the college places them in a position. They do not do this.

"You must pardon me if I appear too enthusiastic, but several of my friends treated this matter as a joke when I decided to take it up, and the joke is now on them. Had I gone to a business college I would not be through yet, and would have spent a great deal. As it now stands, I have a nice position, and did not have to pay a cent for instruction until you placed me in a position.

"Again thanking you for what you have done for me, I am very gratefully yours,

"ROSE R. VALENTE."

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Commercial Correspondence Schools

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In the Toils

(Concluded from Page 2)

bein' herein stated and provided that you can pass 'em like you say you can to my satisfaction, why, I'm your little huckleberry, waitin' to get picked.'

"'I got you,' says he, and we shook hands. 'You go to your hotel and bring the dust,' says he, 'and I'll slide along and make the old man sign the bills. I'll meet you on the corner where we met before.'

"So I met him on the corner, and we went upstairs to a room where a little old man was signin' bills fast and furious.

"'Slide out one,' says my friend, 'till I take Mr. Scraggs out and prove I'm no liar.'

"The old man carefully blotted a hundred-dollar green and away we goes to a bank. It was a sure-enough bank. Outside was the name in big letters and inside was the man called 'teller' that won't tell you nothin' and looks as if he hated you, like all good banks has.

"'Fives and tens for this, please,' says my friend. That teller never quit thinkin' of his dyspepsy, but chucked the stuff right over the counter.

"'How's that?' says my friend, when we got outside.

"'All right,' says I. 'And here's my plunder.' I let him heft the bag.

"'Heavy truck, ain't it?' he said. 'But we can always stand the weight, can't we?' He picked out one of them glitterin' Chinese works of art and regarded it real lovin'. 'Yes,' says he, 'it's sure nice stuff. Hurry along and we'll close the dicker.'

"Upstairs the old gent had the money ready for me to count.

"'Correct?' says he.

"'Ya-a-as,' says I.

"'Well, I'll put 'em in a neat bundle for you,' says he. When that was done I handed my precious gold over.

"'Now, come here and have one last drink of satisfaction,' says my friend. I turned to the table and imbibed my last tonic at his expense.

"'Here you are, sir,' says the little old man, handin' me my package. 'And much obliged to you; only remember this: Secret Service men is all about; don't open her till you get safely in your room—mind that, now! Good-day.'

"Down the steps I goes, ker-thump, ker-thump. But when I reached the street I begun to wonder to myself if I hadn't better just see what those fellers would do next—no harm in ketchin' on to as many city ways as possible—so I hid under the stoop till they come out, glancin' sharp this way and that, but missin' Ezekiel George Washington.

"Up the street they skips; me after 'em, soon's I could, safe. Round the corner they goes. Me, too. And then they sasshays into a joolry shop. Here I thought I'd stay outside.

"My friend, after some talk, passes a big nugget over the counter. The joolryman he bores into it with a file and hands it back. You never see a face more contemshus than his'n. Then some kind of argyment broke out, arms a-wavin'; windin' up by the joolryman raspin' pretty near every nugget in the heap. Each pass his face got more contemshus yet. Finally he swept the whole business back in the bag, throws it at 'em and intimates they can leave at any time.

"They left. I never heard such language in my life! It orn't be allowed in a large city. Why, that friend of mine, he heaved the bag of nuggets in the gutter and he raised up his hands, and just as sure as I sit here tellin' you about it, friends and brothers, he made a Fourth-of-July speech five minutes long, and never repeated himself once! I wouldn't go near him, feelin' in his excited state of mind it might lead to trouble. The little old man at last dragged him away.

"I picked up them poor mishandled treasures in the gutter, for old acquaintance sake. And surmisin' it probably wouldn't hardly be worth my while to wait till I got to the hotel to sample my prize-package, I opened her on the spot.

"Well, there's no use in talkin'. Them fellers were a pair of scoundrels. Instead of anything that looked or smelt or sounded like money in that parcel, was nothin' but a lot of newspapers cut into strips, with a note on top of 'em bearin' these insultin' words:

"'*There's a sucker born every minute.*'

"Then I counted up on my fingers fourteen drinks and one five-dollar dinner, and says I to myself:

"'Ya-a-as,' says I, 'I don't reckon but what that's true.'"

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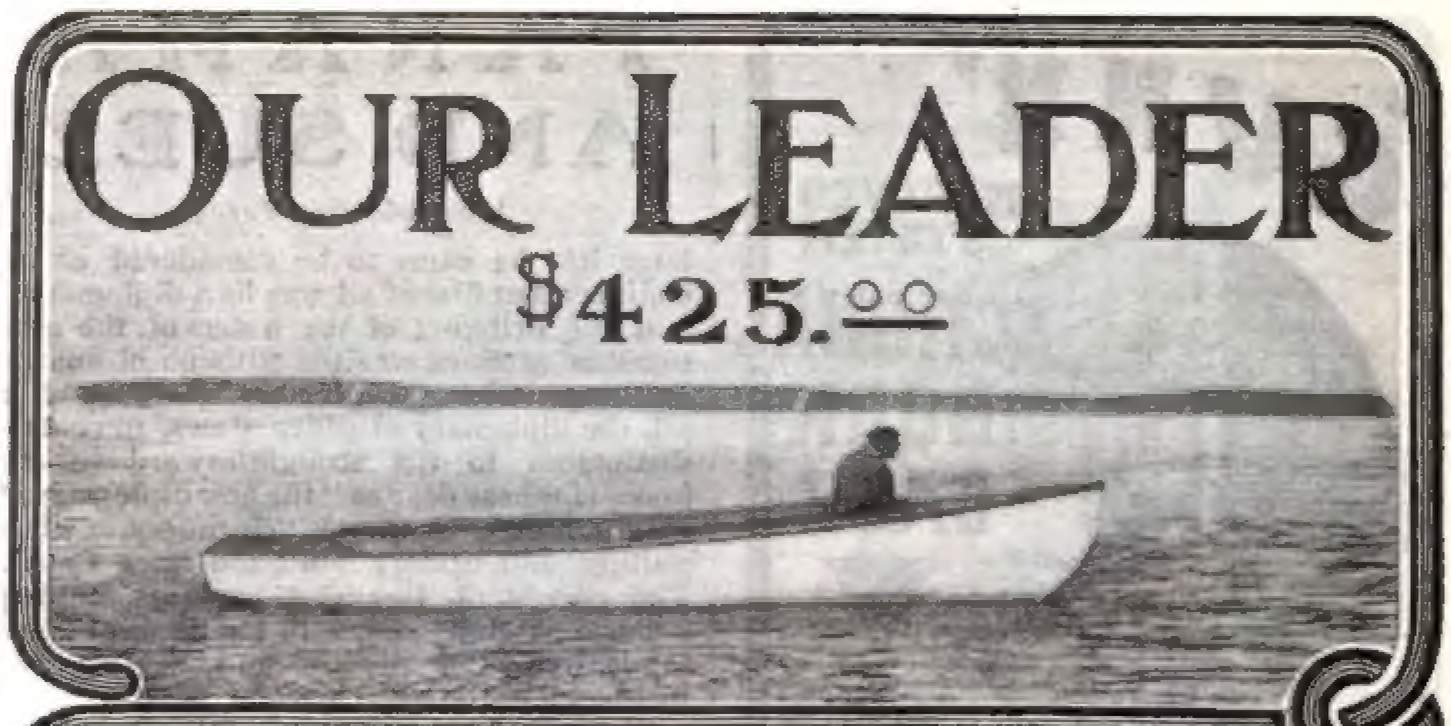

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PANAMA AND SUEZ

(Concluded from Page 7)

later life he came to be considered as an engineer, but first of all was he a diplomatist, and the bringing of the waters of the seas together at Suez was the triumph of finance and negotiation. Diplomacy was back of it all, the diplomacy of olden times, in contradistinction to the straightforward variety known in these days as "the new diplomacy." Manipulation, intrigue, chicanery, wire-pulling and bribery built the Suez Canal. The *corvée* of Egyptian peasants, toiling under a parching sun, with hundreds of thousands dying of disease and neglect, was incidental to the great scheme, nothing more.

When De Lesseps obtained the Suez concession Egypt had no debt. He persuaded the rulers of Egypt that the canal would elevate the country to a prominent place among nations — and they need not subscribe to the undertaking, and until 1968 the Cairo government would receive fifteen per cent. of the canal's takings. Viceroy Said was the first subscriber, borrowing, however, $17,000,000 for the purpose. Succeeding to the khediviate, Ismail Pasha was consumed with longing for greatness, and at first voluntarily, and then involuntarily, subscribed generously to the canal enterprise; he had but to sign papers obligingly prepared in Europe to get the cash. More than half the money stuck to the hands of the financial agents.

Where England Came In

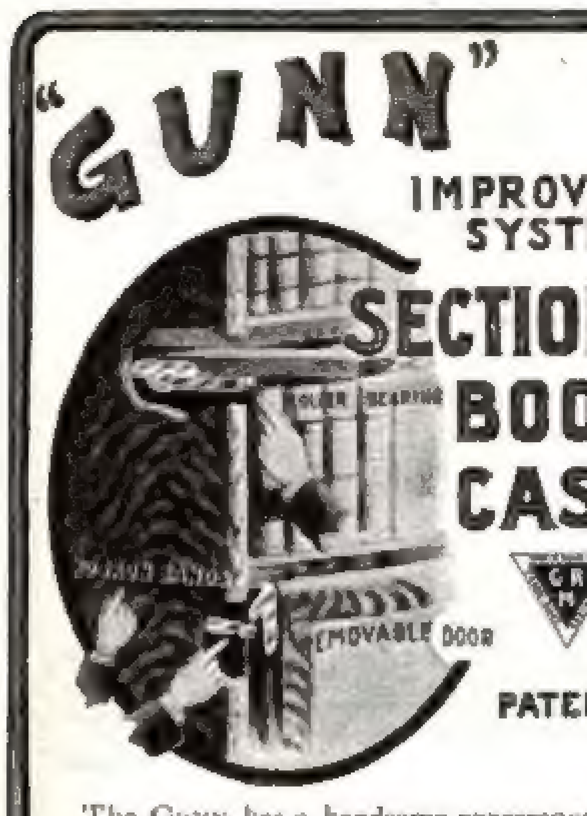
The canal project meanwhile engendered the hostility of England, for the British Government objected to any short cut to India that might be used by any Tom, Dick or Harry; and the English press teemed with accounts of horrible conditions along the canal route, where Egyptians were dying like flies. Petitions poured in upon the Sultan of Turkey — actual sovereign of Egypt — to halt the inhumanity. These obstacles naturally produced a radical cramp in the canal company's finances; and whichever way he turned De Lesseps found a stone wall ahead of him. But his ability as a negotiator appeased Constantinople, then one European capital after another. He wrung from Ismail more subscriptions, that merry monarch borrowing in Europe with profligate hand, not only for the canal, but for his government and himself. At last, to secure the small amount required to complete the waterway, the Egyptian Government, through Ismail, signed away the right to participate in the canal's income.

But Ismail was forgiving, and he spent $21,000,000 of the people's money celebrating the opening of the canal. This made De Lesseps the Great Frenchman; but Egypt now had a paper debt of more than $500,000,000, and nothing to pay with. Not relishing an insolvent creditor, England induced the Sultan to dethrone Khedive Ismail; and his successor soon had a rebellion on his hands, led by a fanatic who had coined the phrase "Egypt for the Egyptians!" England sent troops to quell the revolution and "reëstablish the authority of the khedive," declaring vaguely that her army of occupation would remain but six months. It has been there twenty-one years, and students are growing old in their endeavor to find the precise difference between "occupation" and "annexation." But England has given Egypt a measure of prosperity unique in history. Uncle Sam similarly "occupied" Cuba, but kept his promise to restore the island to the Cubans.

The Suez Canal proving a success, the last security that Ismail parted with before his exile was his personal holding in the company. Disraeli bought the shares by cable, and to-day they are worth ten times the amount paid. They give England control of the canal, but she lets France manage the enterprise.

Is it a misfortune for a country to possess a site for an interoceanic canal, the construction of which is demanded by the necessities of the world's commerce? Egyptians have decided views on this subject, and Colombians might give a ready reply to the question.

The Suez Canal yields nothing to the country through which it runs.



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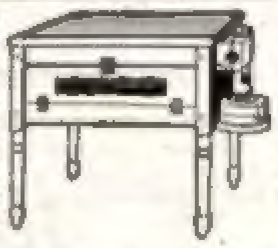

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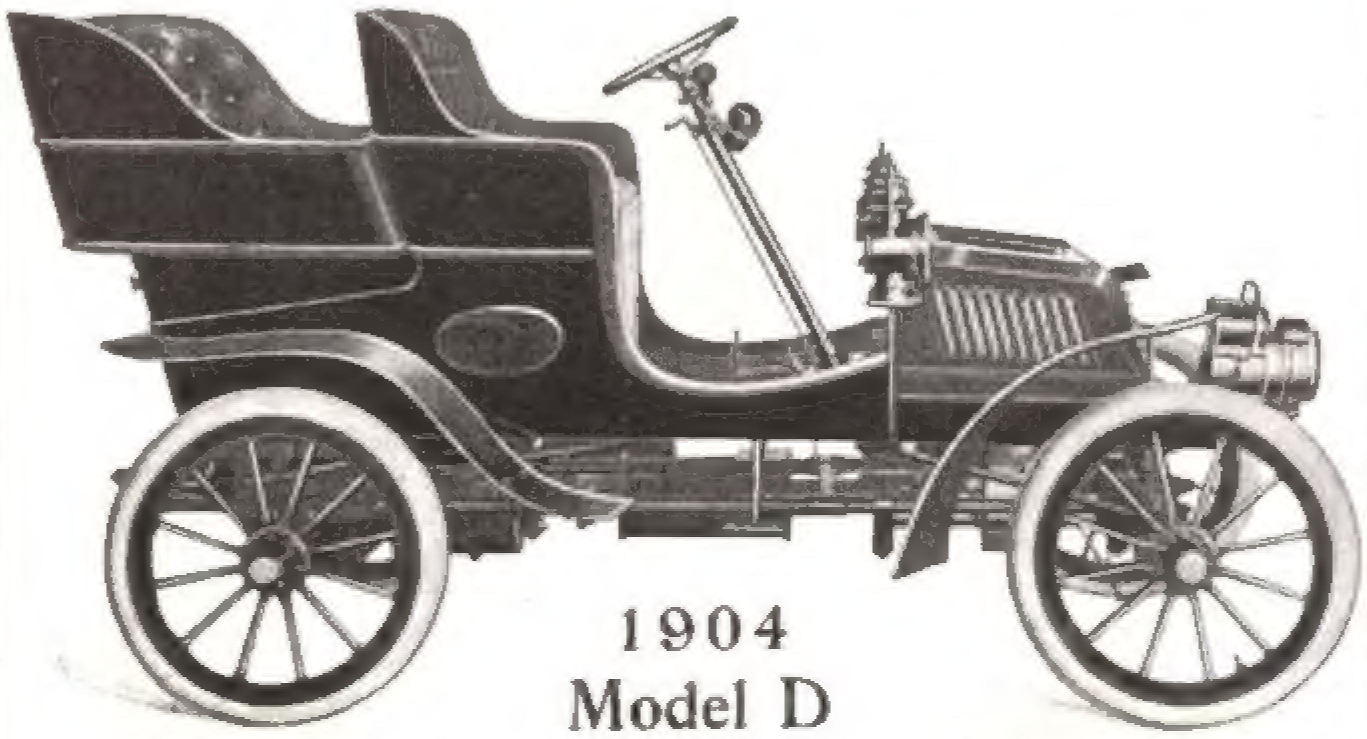

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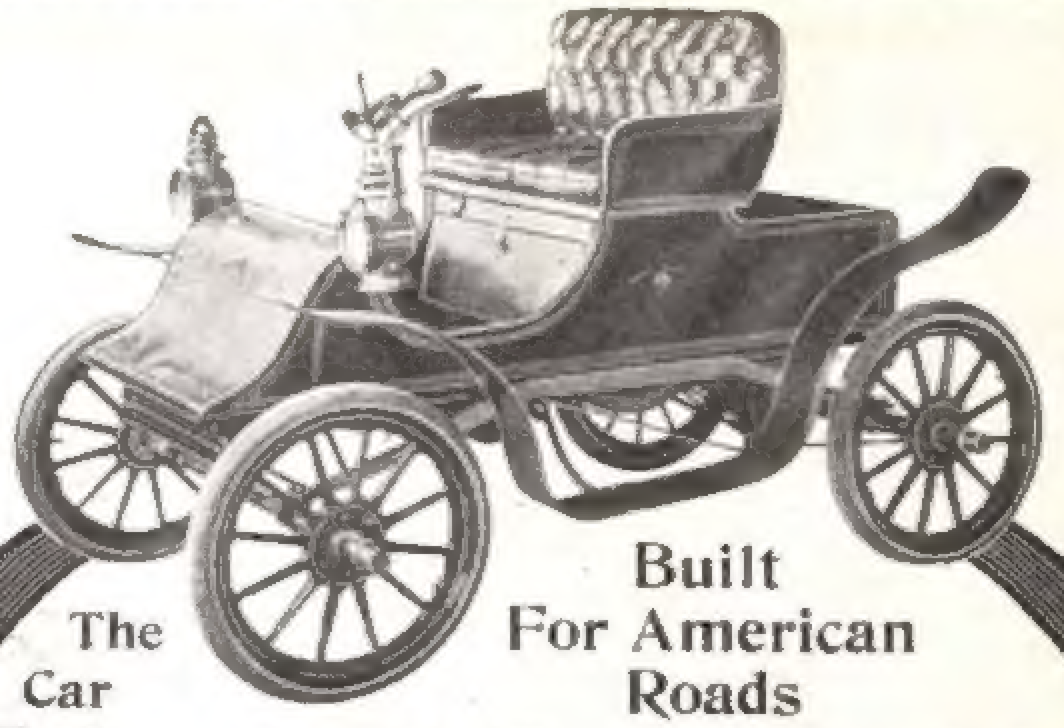

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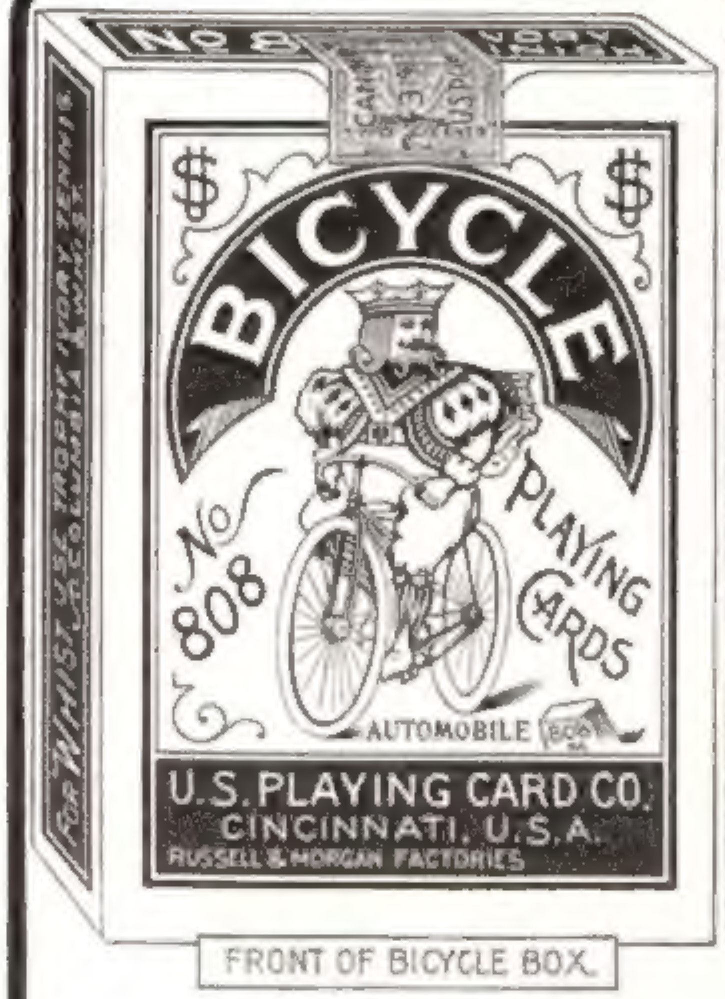

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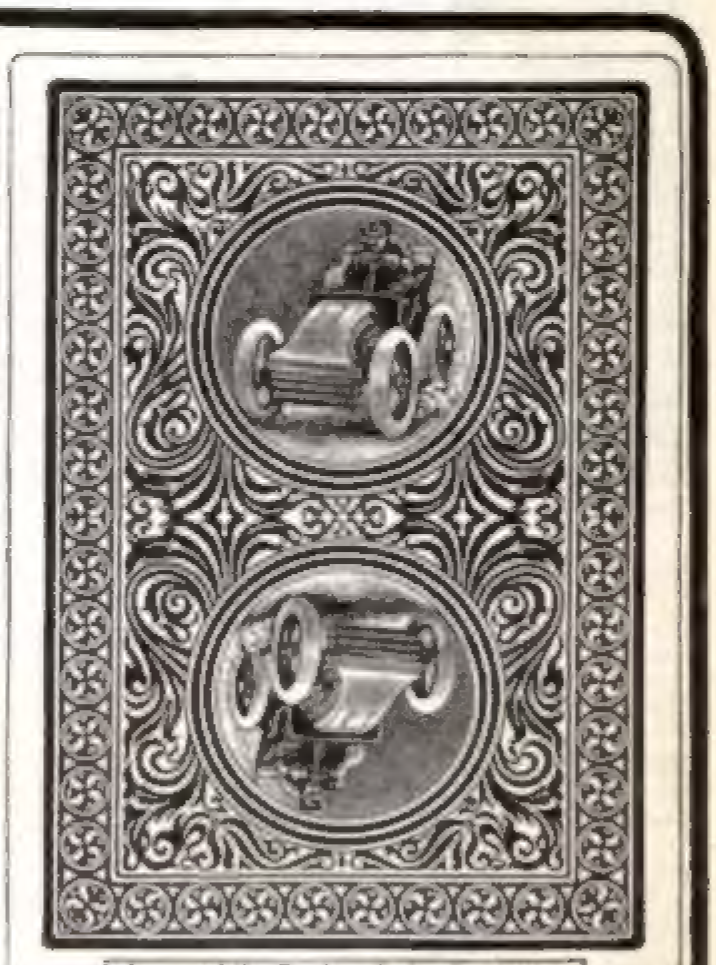

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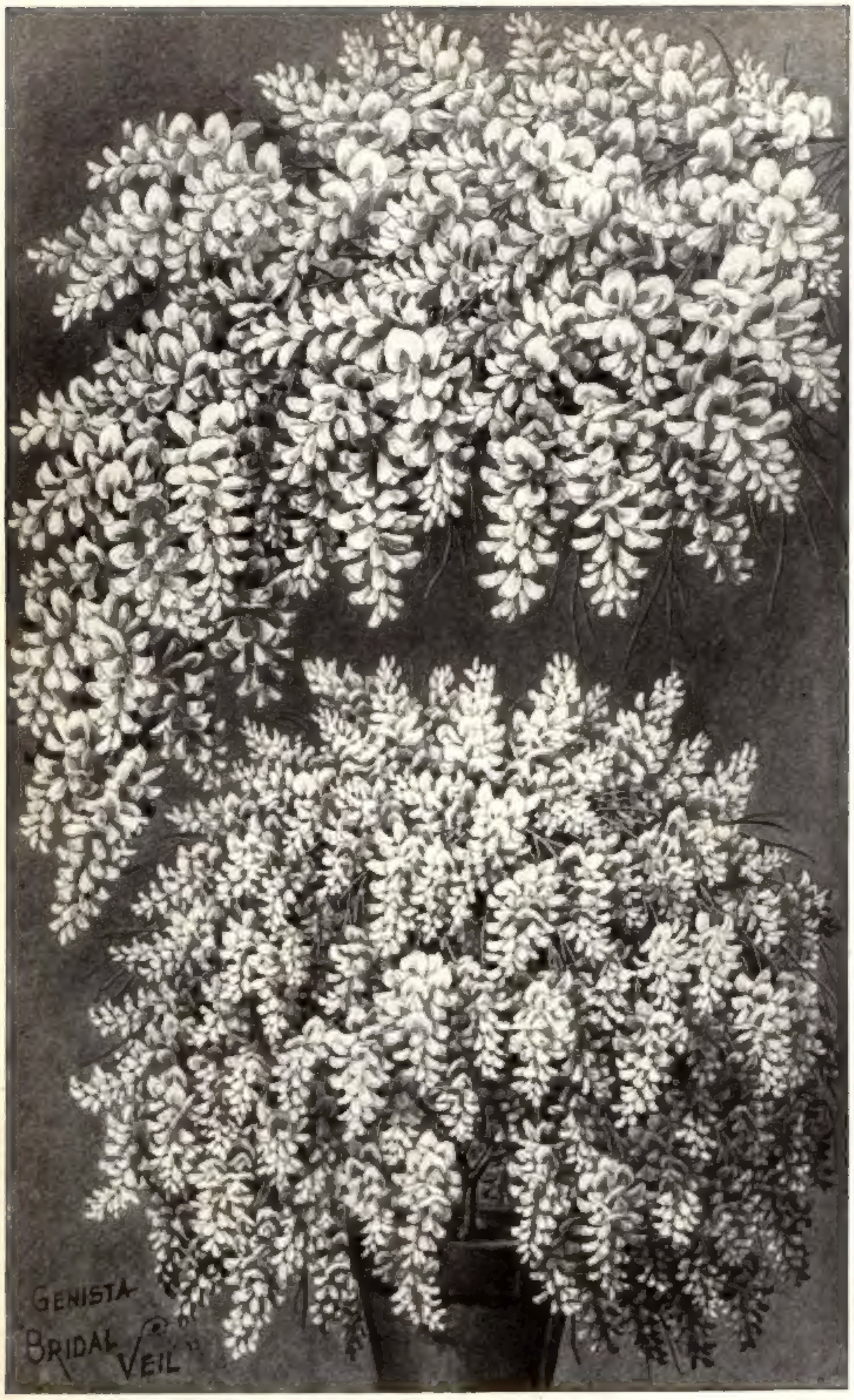

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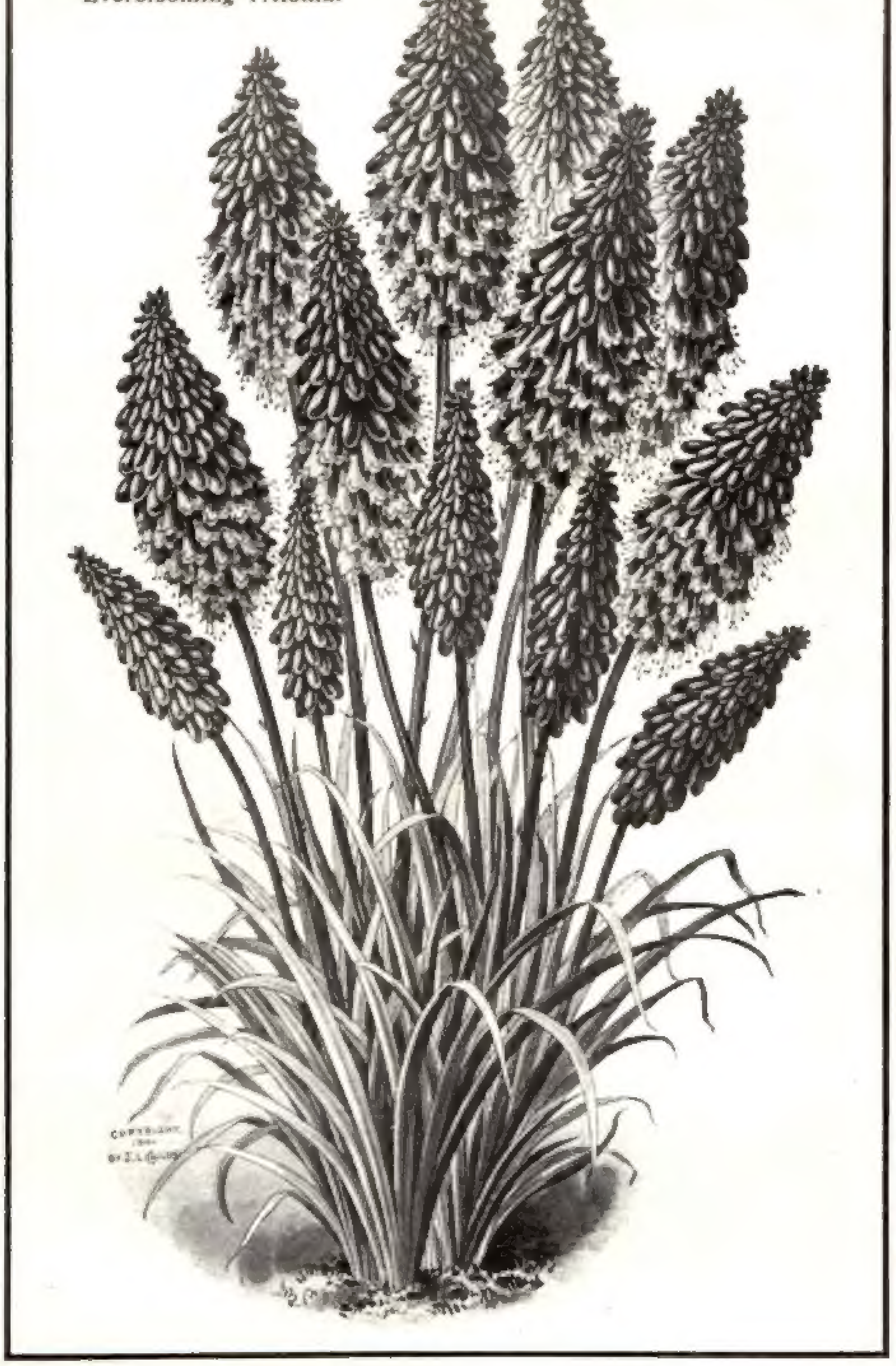

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